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CRITICISMS

ON

THE ROLLIAD.

PART THE SECOND.

THE SECOND EDITION.

L O N D O N :

PRINTED FOR J. RIDGWAY, NO. 1, YORK-STREET, ST.

JAMES'S-SQUARE,

1790.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

J. RIDGWAY has to apologize to the Public for the long delay that has attended the SECOND PART OF THE CRITICISMS ON THE ROLLIAD: but as it originated in his anxiety to render the publication as correct as possible, and in his being totally deprived of the assistance of the gentleman who so kindly superintended the arrangement of the FIRST PART—he trusts that he shall in some measure stand excused. He is at length, however, enabled, by the indulgence of the authors, not only to give a CORRECT EDITION of such numbers as have already appeared in the public prints, but to add to them two numbers entirely new. He has also been favoured with the FIVE POLITICAL ECLOGUES, which are printed immediately after the ROLLIAD—two of which are also entirely new, and the others materially altered. It may be just necessary to say, that the ECLOGUES were written some time since, and intended as a
distinct

distinct publication ; but some circumstances having prevented this, they are now offered to the public as no improper APPENDIX to the political JEUX D'ESPRITS of the same authors ; which, by the present edition of the ROLLIAD, with the addition of the PROBATIONARY ODES and POLITICAL MISCELLANIES, may now be considered as being COMPLETELY COLLECTED.

CRITICISMS
ON
THE ROLLIAD.

PART THE SECOND.

Nº. I.

WE have now followed our admirable author thro' the *Sixth Book* of his poem; very much to our own edification, and, we flatter ourselves, no less to the satisfaction of our readers. We have shewn the art with which he has introduced a description of the leading characters of our present House of Commons, by a contrivance something similar indeed to that employed by Virgil; but at the same time sufficiently unlike to substantiate his own claim to originality. And surely every candid critic will admit, that had he satisfied himself

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with

with the same device, in order to panegyryze his favourites in the other House, he would have been perfectly blameless. But to the writer of the *ROLLIAD*, it was not sufficient to escape censure ; he must extort our praise, and excite our admiration.

Our classical readers will recollect, that all Epic Heroes possess, in common with the poets who celebrate their actions, the gift of *prophecy* ; with this difference however, that poets prophecy while they are in sound health, whereas the hero never begins to talk about futurity, until he has received such a mortal wound in his lungs as would prevent any man but a hero from talking at all : and it is probably in allusion to this circumstance, that the power of divination is distinguished in North Britain by the name of *SECOND SIGHT*, as commencing when common vision ends. This faculty has been attributed to dying warriors, both by *Homer* and *Virgil* ; but neither of these poets have made so good use of it as our author, who has introduced into the last dying speech of the Saxon Drummer, the whole

whole birth, parentage, and education, life, character, and behaviour, of all those benefactors of their country, who at present adorn the House of Peers, thereby conforming himself to modern usage, and at the same time distinguishing the victorious Rollo's prowess in subduing an adversary, who dies infinitely harder than either Turnus or Hector.

Without farther comment, we shall now proceed to favour our readers with a few extracts. The first Peer mentioned by the *Dying Drummer*, is the present *Marquis of Buckingham*: his appearance is ushered in, by an elegant panegyric on his father, Mr. *George Grenville*, of which we shall only give the concluding lines:

George! in whose subtle brain, if Fame say true,
Full-fraught with wars, the fatal stamp-act grew;
Great financier! stupendous calculator!—
But, George the son is *twenty-one times* greater!

It would require a volume, not only to point out all the merits of the last line, but even to do justice to that Pindaric spirit, that

abrupt beauty, that graceful aberration from rigid grammatical contexts, which appears in the single word *but*. We had however a further intention in quoting this passage, viz. to assert our author's claim to the invention of that species of MORAL ARITHMETIC, which, by means of proper additions, subtractions, multiplications, and divisions, ascertains the relative merits of two characters more correctly than any other mode of investigation hitherto invented. Lord Thurlow, when he informed the House of Peers, that "*one Hastings is worth twenty Macartneys,*" had certainly the merit of ascertaining the comparative value of the two men in *whole numbers*, and *without a fraction*. He likewise enabled his auditors, by means of *the rule of three*, to find out the numerical excellence of any other individual; but to compare Lord Thurlow with our author, would be to compare the scholar with the inventor; to compare a common house-steward with *Euclid* or *Archimedes*. We now return to the poem.

After the lines already quoted, our dying
drummer

drummer breaks out into the following wonderful apostrophe :—

Approach! ye fophs, who in your northern den,
 Wield, with both hands, your huge *didactic* pen ;
 Who, step by step, o'er *Pindus'* up-hill road,
 Drag slowly on your learning's pond'rous load ;
 Though many a shock your perilous march encumbers,
 Ere the stiff prose can struggle into numbers ;
 And you, at *comets' tails*, who fondly stare,
 And find a mistress in the *lesser bear* ;
 And you, who, full with metaphysics fraught,
 Detect sensation starting into thought,
 And trace each sketch by Memory's hand design'd
 On that strange magic lanthorn, call'd the MIND ;
 And you, who watch each loit'ring empire's fate,
 Who heap up fact on fact, and date on date ;
 Who count the threads that fill the mystic loom,
 Where patient Vengeance wove the fate of Rome ;
 Who tell that wealth unnerv'd her soldier's hand,
 That folly urg'd the fate by traitors plann'd ;
 Or, that she fell—because she could not stand :
 Approach, and view, in this capacious mind
 Your scatter'd science, in one mass combin'd :
 Whate'er tradition tells, or poets sing,
 Of giant-killing John, or John the King ;
 Whate'er—

But we are apprehensive that our zeal
 has already hurried us too far, and that we
 have exceeded the just bounds of this paper.

We shall therefore take some future opportunity of reverting to the character of this prodigious nobleman, who possesses, and deserves to possess, so distinguished a share in his master's confidence. Suffice it to say, that our author does full justice to every part of his character. He considers him as a walking warehouse of facts of all kinds, whether relating to history, astronomy, metaphysics, heraldry, fortifications, naval tactics, or midwifery ; at the same time representing him as a kind of haberdasher of small talents, which he retails to the female part of his family, instructing them in the mystery of precedence, the whole art of scented pomatums, the doctrine of salves for broken heads, of putty for *broken windows*, &c. &c. &c.

N^o. II.

WE now return to the dying drummer, whom we left in the middle of his eulogy on the marquis of Buckingham.

It being admitted, that the powers of the human mind depend on the number and association of our ideas, it is easy to shew that the illustrious marquis is entitled to the highest rank in the scale of human intelligence. His mind possesses an unlimited power of inglutition, and his ideas adhere to each other with such tenacity, that whenever his memory is stimulated by any powerful interrogatory, it not only discharges a full answer to that individual question, but likewise such a prodigious flood of collateral knowledge, derived from copious and repeated infusions, as no common skull would be capable of containing. For these reasons, his Lordship's fitness for the department of the admiralty, a department
connected

connected with the whole cyclopædia of science, and requiring the greatest variety of talents and exertions, seems to be pointed out by the hand of Heaven ;—it is likewise pointed out by the dying drummer, who describes, in the following lines, the immediate cause of his nomination :—

On the great day, when Buckingham, by pairs,
Ascended, Heaven-impell'd, the k—'s back-stairs ;
And panting, breathless, strain'd his lungs to show,
From Fox's bill what mighty ills would flow :
That soon, *its source corrupt, Opinion's thread,*
On India deleterious streams wou'd shed, ;
That Hastings, Munny Begum, Scott, must fall,
And Pitt, and Jenkinson, and Leadenhall ;
Still, as with stammering tongue, he told his tale,
Unusual terrors Brunswick's heart assail ;
Wide starts his white wig from his royal ear,
And each particular hair stands stiff with fear.

We flatter ourselves that few of our readers are so void of taste, as not to feel the transcendant beauties of this description. First, we see the noble marquis mount the fatal steps “ by pairs ;” *i. e.* by two at a time ; and with a degree of effort and fatigue : and then he is out of breath, which is perfectly natural. The obscurity of the
third

third couplet, an *obscurity* which has been imitated by all the ministerial writers on the India bill, arises from a confusion of metaphor, so inexpressibly beautiful, that Mr. Hastings has thought fit to copy it almost verbatim, in his celebrated letter from Lucknow. The effects of terror on the royal wig, are happily imagined, and are infinitely more sublime than the "*stete-runtque comæ*" of the Roman poet; as the attachment of a wig to its wearer, is obviously more generous and disinterested than that of the person's own hair, which naturally participates in the good or ill fortune of the head on which it grows. But to proceed.—Men in a fright are usually generous;—on that great day, therefore, the marquis obtained the promise of the admiralty. The dying drummer then proceeds to describe the marquis's well-known vision, which he prefaces by a compliment on his Lordship's extraordinary proficiency in the art of lace-making. We have all admired the parliamentary exertions of this great man, on every subject that related to an art, in which the county of Buckingham is so

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deeply

deeply interested ; an art, by means of which Britannia, (as our author happily expresses it)

Puckers round naked breasts, a decent trimming,
Spreads the thread trade, and propogates old women !

How naturally do we feel disposed to join with the dying drummer, in the pathetic apostrophe which he addresses to his hero, when he foresees that this attention will necessarily be diverted to other objects :—

Alas ! no longer round thy favorite STOWE,
Shalt thou thy nicer art to artists show ;
No more on thumb-worn cushions deign to trace,
With critic touch, the texture of bone-lace ;
And from severer toils, some moments robbing,
Reclaim the vagrant thread, or truant bobbin !
Far, other scenes of future glory rise,
To glad thy sleeping, and thy waking eyes :
As busy fancy paints the gaudy dream,
Ideal docks, with shadowy navies teem :
Whate'er on sea, or lake, on river floats,
Ships, barges, rafts, skiffs, tubs, flat-bottom'd boats,
Smiths, sailors, carpenters, in busy crowds,
Mast, cable, yard, sail, bow-sprit, anchor, throwds,
Knives, gigs, harpoons, swords, handspikes, cutlafs-blades,
Guns, pistols, swivels, cannons, carronades :
All rise to view !—all blend in gorgeous show !
Tritons, and tridents, turpentine, tar—tow !

We

We will take upon ourselves to attest, that neither Homer nor Virgil ever produced any thing like this. How amiable, how interesting, is the condescension of the illustrious marquis, while he assists the old women in his neighbourhood in making bone-lace ! How artfully is the modest appearance of the afore said old womens' cushions, (which we are also told were dirty cushions) contrasted with the splendor and magnificence of the subsequent vision ! How masterly is the structure of the last verse, and how nobly does the climax rise from tritons and tridents ; from objects which are rather picturesque than necessary, to that most important article *tow* ! an article " without which," in the opinion of Lord Mulgrave, " it would be impossible to fit " out a single ship ! "

The drummer is next led to investigate the different modes of meliorating our navy ; in the course of which he introduces the marquis's private thoughts on *flax* and *forest-trees* ; the natural history of *nettles*, with proofs of their excellence in making

cables ; a project to produce *aurum fulminans* from Pinchbeck's metal, instead of gold, occasioned by Admiral Barrington's complaint of bad powder ; a discussion of Lord Ferrers's mathematical mode of ship-building ; and a lamentation on the pertinacity with which his lordship's vessels have hitherto refused to sail. The grief of the marquis on this occasion, awaking all our sympathy—

Sighing, he struck his breast, and cried, " Alas !

" Shall a three-decker's huge unweildy mafs,

" 'Mid crowd of foes, stand stupidly at bay,

" And by rude force, like Ajax, gain the day ?

" No !—let Invention !—"

And at the moment his lordship becomes pregnant, and is delivered of a project that solves every difficulty.

The reader will recollect Commodore Johnstone's discovery, that " The aliquot parts being equal to the whole, two frigates are indisputably tantamount to a line-of-battle-ship ; nay, that they are superior to it, as being more manageable. " Now, a sloop being more docile than a frigate, and a cutter more versatile than a sloop, &c. &c.

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is it not obvious that the *force* of any vessel, must be in an inverse ratio to its *strength*? Hence, Lord Buckingham most properly observes,

Our light-arm'd fleet will spread a general panic,
For speed is power, says Pinchbeck, the mechanic.

The only objection to this system, is the trite professional idea, that ships having been for some years past in the habit of sailing directly forwards, must necessarily form and fight *in a straight line*; but according to Lord Buckingham's plan, the line of battle, in future, is to be like the line of beauty, *waving and tortuous*; so that if the French, who confessedly are the most imitative people on earth, should wish to copy our manœuvres, their larger ships will necessarily be thrown into confusion, and consequently be beaten.

But, as Sir Gregory Page Turner finely says, "infallibility is not given to human nature." Our prodigious marquis, therefore, diffident of his talents, and not yet satisfied

tisfied with his plan, rakes into that vast heap of knowledge, which he has collected from reading, and forms into one *compost*, all the naval inventions of every age and country, in order to meliorate and fertilize the colder genius of Great Britain. "In future," says the drummer,

All ages, and all countries, shall combine,
To form our navy's variegated line.
Like some vast whale, or all devouring shark,
High in the midst shall rise old Noah's ark:
Or, if that ark be lost, of equal bulk,
Our novel Noah rigs—the *Justice Hulk*.
An Argo next, the peerless Catherine sends,
The gorgeous gift of her *Mingrelian* friends:

Here we cannot repress our admiration at the drummer's skill in geography and politics. He not only tells us, that *Mingrelia* is the ancient *Colchis*, the country visited by the Argonauts, the country which was then so famous for its fleeces, and which even now sends so many virgins to the Grand Signior's seraglio, but he foresees the advantages that will be derived to the navy of this kingdom, by the submission of his *Mingrelian*

grelian majesty to the empress of Russia. But to proceed,

And next, at our Canadian brethren's pray'r,
Ten stout *triremes* the good pope shall spare!

We apprehend, with all due submission to the drummer, that here is a small mistake. Our Candian brethren may indeed possess great influence with the pope, on account of their perseverance in the catholic religion; but as all the *triremes* in his holiness's possession, are unfortunately in bass relief, and marble, we have some doubt of their utility at sea.

Light arm'd *evaas*, canoes that seem to fly,
Our faithful *Oberea* shall supply:
Gallies shall Venice yield, Algiers, *xebecs*—
But thou Nanquin, gay *yachts* with towering decks,
While fierce Kamschatka——

But it is unnecessary to transcribe all the names of places mentioned by our drummer in sailing eastward towards Cape Horn, and westward to the Cape of Good Hope. We flatter ourselves that we have sufficiently proved the stupendous and almost un-
5 natural

natural excellence of the new Lord Buckingham, and that we have shewn the necessity of innovation in the navy, as well as in the constitution. We therefore shall conclude this number, by expressing our hope and assurance, that the salutary amputations which are meditated by the two state surgeons, Mr. Pitt, and Mr. Wyvill, will speedily be followed by equally skilful operations in our marine: and that the prophecy of the dying drummer will be fulfilled in the completion of that delightful event,—the nomination of the noble marquis to the department of the admiralty!

Nº. III.

HAVING concluded his description of the Marquis of Buckingham, our expiring prophet proceeds to the contemplation of other glories, hardly less resplendent than those of the noble Marquis himself. He goes on to the DUKE of RICHMOND.

In travelling round this wide world of virtue, for as such may the mind of the noble Duke be described, it must be obvious to every one, that the principal difficulty consists—in determining from what quarter to set out; whether to commence in the *frigid zone* of his benevolence, or in the *torrid hemisphere* of his loyalty; from the *equinox* of his oeconomy, or from the *terra australis* of his patriotism. Our author feels himself reduced to the dilemma of the famous *Archimedes* in this case, though for a very different reason, and exclaims violently for the *Δος με χω* not because he has no
D ground

ground to stand upon, but because he has too much—because puzzled by the variety, he feels an incapacity to make a selection. He represents himself as being exactly in the situation of *Paris*, between the different and contending charms of the three *Heathen Goddesses*, and is equally at a loss on which to bestow his *detur pulcherimæ*.—There is indeed more beauty in this latter similitude than may at first view appear to a careless or a vulgar observer; the three goddesses in question, being in all the leading points of their description, most correctly typical of the noble Duke himself. As for example, *Minerva*, we know, was produced out of the head of *Jove*, complete and perfect at once. Thus the Duke of Richmond starts into the perfection of a full-grown *engineer*, without the ceremony of gradual organization, or the painful tediousness of progressive maturity. *Juno* was particularly famed for an unceasing spirit of active persecution against the bravest and most honourable men of antiquity.—Col. *Debbeige*, and some other individuals of modern time, might be selected, to shew that

that the noble duke is not in this respect without some pretensions to sympathy with the queen of the skies.—*Venus* too, we all know, originated from *froth*. For resemblance in this point, *vide* the noble duke's admirable theories on the subject of *parliamentary melioration*.

Having stated these circumstances of embarrassment in a few introductory lines to this part of the poem, our author goes on to observe, that not knowing, after much and anxious thought, how to adjust the important difficulty in question, he resolves at last to trust himself entirely to the guidance of his muse, who, under the influence of her usual inspiration, proceeds as follows :

Hail thou, for either talent justly known,
To spend the nation's cash—or keep thy own ;
Expert alike to save, or be profuse,
As money goes for thine, or England's use ;
In whose esteem, of equal worth are thought,
A public million, and a private groat,
Hail, and—&c,

Longinus, as the learned well know, reckons the figure *Amplification*, amongst the

principal sources of the sublime, as does *Quintilian* amongst the leading requisites of rhetoric. That it constitutes the very soul of eloquence, it is demonstrable from the example of that sublimest of all orators, and profoundest of all statesmen, Mr. *William Pitt*. If no expedient had been devised, by the help of which the *same* idea could be invested in a thousand different and glittering habiliments, by which *one* small spark of meaning could be inflated into a blaze of elocution, how many delectable speeches would have been lost to the senate of Great-Britain? How severe an injury would have been sustained to the literary estimation of the age? The above admirable specimen of the figure, however, adds to the other natural graces of it, the excellent recommendation of strict and literal truth. The author proceeds to describe the noble duke's uncommon popularity, and to represent, that whatever be his employment, whether the gay business of the state, or the serious occupation of amusement, his Grace is alike sure of the approbation of his countrymen.

Whether

Whether thy present vast ambition be,
 To check the rudeness of th' intruding sea ;
 Or else, immerging in a *civil* storm,
 With equal wisdom to project—reform ;
 Whether thou go'st while summer suns prevail,
 To enjoy the freshness of thy kitchen's gale,
 Where, unpolluted by luxurious heat,
 Its large expanse affords a cool retreat ;
 Or should'st thou now, no more the theme of mirth,
 Hail the great day that gave thy sov'reign birth,
 With kind anticipating zeal, prepare,
 And make the *fourth* of *June* thy anxious care ;
 O ! wheresoe'er thy hallow'd steps shall stray,
 Still, still, for thee, the grateful poor shall pray,
 Since all the bounty which thy heart denies,
 Drain'd by thy schemes, the *treasury* supplies.

The reference to the noble duke's kitchen, is a most exquisite compliment to his Grace's well-known and determined aversion to the specious, popular, and prevailing vices of *eating* and *drinking* ; and the four lines which follow, contain a no less admirable allusion to the memorable witicism of his Grace (memorable for the subject of it, as well as for the circumstance of its being the only known instance of his Grace's attempting to degrade himself into the vulgarity of a joke.)

When

When a minister was found in this country, daring and wicked enough, to propose the suspension of a turnpike bill for one whole day, simply for the reason, that he considered some little ceremony due to the natal anniversary of the *bigbest*, and beyond all comparison, the *best* individual in the country; what was the noble duke's reply to this frivolous pretence for the protraction of the national business? "What care I," said this great personage, with a noble warmth of patriotic insolence, never yet attained by any of the present timid-minded sons of faction, "What care I for the King's birth-day!—What is such nonsense to me!" &c. &c. &c. It is true, indeed, times have been a little changed since—but what of that! there is a solid truth in the observation of Horace, which its tritism does not nor cannot destroy, and which the noble duke, if he could read the original, might, with great truth, apply to himself and his sovereign:

Tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis.

A great critic affirms, that the highest excellence of writing, and particularly of

poetical writing, consists in this one power—to *surprize*. Surely this sensation was never more successfully excited, than by the line in the above passage, when considered as addressed to the duke of Richmond—

Still, still, for thee, the *grateful poor* shall pray!

Our author, however, whose correct judgment suggested to him, that even the sublimity of *surprize* was not to be obtained at the expence of truth, and probability, hastens to reconcile all contradictions, by informing the reader, that the *treasury* is to supply the sources of the charity, on account of which the noble duke is to be prayed for.

The poet, with his usual philanthropy, proceeds to give a piece of good advice to a person with whom he does not appear at first sight to have any natural connection. He contrives, however, even to make his seeming digression contribute to his purpose. He addresses *Colonel Debbeige* in the following good-natured, sublime, and parental apostrophe—

Learn

Learn thoughtless *Debbaige*, now no more a youth;
 The woes unnumber'd that encompass truth;
 Nor of experience, nor of knowledge vain,
 Mock the chimæras of a sea-sick brain:
 Oh, learn on happier terms with him to live,
 Who ne'er knew *twice*, the weakness to forgive!
 Then should his Grace some vast expedient find,
 To govern tempests, and controul the wind;
 Should he, like great *Canute*, forbid the wave,
 T' approach his presence, or his foot to lave;
 Construct some bastion, or devise some mound,
 The world's wide limits to encompass round;
 Rear a redoubt, that to the stars should rise,
 And lift himself, like Typhon, to the skies;
 Or should the mightier scheme engage his soul,
 To raise a platform on the *northern pole*,
 With fofs, with rampart, stick, and stone, and clay,
 To build a breast-work on the *milky way*;
 Or to protect his sovereign's blest abode,
 Bid numerous batteries guard the *turnpike road*;
 Lest foul Invasion in disguise approach,
 Or Treason lurk within the *Dover coach*.
 Oh, let the wiser duty then be thine,
 Thy skill, thy science, judgment to resign!
 With patient ear, the high-wrapt tale attend,
 Nor snarl at fancies which no skill can mend.
 So shall thy comforts with thy days increase,
 And all thy last, unlike thy first, be peace;
 No rude *courts martial* shall thy fame decry;
 But half-pay plenty all thy wants supply.

It is difficult to determine which part of the above passage possesses the superior claim to our admiration, whether its science, its resemblance, its benevolence, or its sublimity.—Each has its turn, and each is distinguished by some of our author's happiest touches. The climax from the pole of the heavens to the pole of a coach, and from the milky-way to a turnpike road, is conceived and expressed with admirable fancy and ability. The absurd story of the wooden horse in Virgil, is indeed remotely parodied in the line,

Or Treason lurk within the Dover coach.

But with what accession of beauty, nature, and probability we leave judicious critics to determine. Indeed there is no other defence for the passage alluded to in *Virgil*, but to suppose that the past commentators upon it have been egregiously mistaken, and that this famous *equus ligneus*, of which he speaks, was neither more nor less than the *stage coach* of antiquity. What, under any other supposition, can be the meaning of the passage,

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Aut

Aut hoc inclusi ligno occultantur *Achivi*?

Besides this, the term *machina* we know is almost constantly used by *Virgil* himself as a synonyme for this horse, as in the line

Scandit fatalis machina muros, &c.

And do we not see that those authentic records of modern literature, the newspapers, are continually and daily announcing to us—"This day sets off from the "Blue-boar-Inn precisely at half past five, "the Bath and Bristol *machine*!" meaning thereby merely the *stage coaches* to Bath and to Bristol.—Again immediately after the line last quoted, to wit (*scandit fatalis machina muros*) come these words,

Fata armis, i. e. filled with *arms*.

Now what can they possibly allude to in the eye of sober judgment and rational criticism, but the *guard*, or armed *watchman*, who, in those days, went in the inside, or perhaps had a place in the *boot*, and
was

was employed, as in our modern conveyances, to protect the passenger in his approximation to the metropolis. We trust the above authorities will be deemed conclusive upon the subject; and indeed, to say the truth, this idea does not occur to us now for the the first time, as in some hints for a few critical lucubrations intended as farther *addenda* to the *Virgilius Restauratus* of the great Scriblerus, we find this remark precisely—"In our judgment, this horse, (meaning *Virgil's*,) may be very properly denominated—the DARDANIAN BILLY, or the POST COACH to PERGAMUS."

We know not whether it be worth adding as a matter of mere fact, that the great object of the noble duke's erections at Chatham, which have not yet cost the nation a *million*, is simply and exclusively this,—to *enflade* the turnpike road, in case of a foreign invasion.

The poet goes on—he forms a scientific and interesting preface of the noble duke's future greatness.

With gorges, scaffolds, breaches, ditches, mines,
 With culverins, whole and demi, and gabines ;
 With trench, with counterscarp, with esplanade,
 With curtain, moat, and rhombo, and chamade ;
 With polygon, epaulement, hedge, and bank,
 With angle salient, and with angle flank :
 Oh! thou shalt prove, should all thy schemes prevail,
 An **UNCLE TOBY** on a larger scale.
 While dapper, daisy, prating, puffing **JIM**,
 May haply personate good *Corporal Trim*.

Every reader will anticipate us in the recollection, that the person here honoured with our author's distinction, by the abbreviated appellative of *Jim*, can be no other than the Hon. James Luttrell himself, surveyor general to the ordnance, the famous friend, defender, and *commis* of the Duke of Richmond. The words *dapper* and *daisy* in the last line of the above passage, approximate perhaps more nearly to the familiarity of common life, than is usual with our author ; but it is to be observed in the defence of them, that our language supplies no terms in any degree so peculiarly characteristic of the object to whom they are addressed. As for the remaining part of the line, to wit, "*prating, puffing Jim,*" it will require no vindication or illustration with

with those who have heard this honourable gentleman's speeches in parliament, and who have read the subsequent representations of them in the diurnal prints.

Our immortal author, whose province it is to give poetical construction and *local habitation* to the inspired effusions of the *dying drummer*, (exactly as *Virgil* did to the predictions of *Anchises*) proceeds to finish the portrait exhibited in the above passage by the following lines—

As like your *prototypes* as pea to pea,
Save in the weakness of—*humanity*;
Congenial quite in every other part,
The same in *head*, but differing in the *heart*.

N° IV.

WE resume with great pleasure our critical lucubrations on that most interesting part of this divine poem, which pourtrays the character, and transmits to immortality the name, of the *Duke of Richmond*.—Our author, who sometimes condescends to a casual imitation of ancient writers, employs more than usual pains in the elaborate delineation of this illustrious personage. Thus, in Virgil, we find whole pages devoted to the description of *Æneas*, while *Glaucus* and *Thersilochus*, like the *Luttrels*, the *Palkes*, or the *Macnamaras* of modern times, are honoured only with the transient distinction of a simple mention. He proceeds to ridicule the superstition which exists in this country, and, as he informs us, had also prevailed in one of the most famous states of antiquity, that a navy could be any source of security to a great empire, or that shipping could in any way be considered as the *natural* defence of an *island*.

'Th Athenian sages, once of old, 'tis said,
 Urg'd by their country's love—by wisdom led,
 Besought the *Delphic* oracle to show
 What best should save them from the neighb'ring foe :
 —With holy fervor first the *priestess* burn'd,
 Then fraught with presage, this reply return'd :—
 “ *Your city, men of Athens, ne'er will fall,*
 “ *If wisely guarded by a WOODEN WALL.*”
 —Thus have our fathers indiscreetly thought,
 By ancient practice—ancient safety taught,
 That this, Great Britain, still should prove to thee,
 Thy first, thy best, thy last security ;
 That what in thee we find or great or good,
 Had ow'd its being to this WALL of WOOD.—
 Above such weakness see great *Lenox* soar,
 This fence prescriptive guards us now no more ;
 Of such gross ignorance asham'd and sick,
 Richmond protects us with a wall—of brick ;
 Contemns the prejudice of former time,
 And saves his countrymen—by *lath and lime*.

It is our intention to embarrass this part
 of the *Rolliad* as little as possible with any
 commentaries of our own. We cannot,
 however, resist the temptation which the oc-
 casion suggests, of pronouncing a particular
 panegyric upon the delicacy as well as dex-
 terity of our author, who, in speaking upon
 the subject of the Duke of *Richmond*, that
 is, upon a man who knows no more of the
 history,

history, writings, or languages of antiquity than the *Marquis of Landsdown* himself, or great *Rollo's* groom, has yet contrived to collect a great portion of his illustrations from the sources of ancient literature. By this admirable expedient, the immediate ignorance of the hero is enveloped and concealed in the vast erudition of the author, and the unhappy truth that his grace never proceeded farther in his *Latinity*, than through the neat and simple pages of *Corderius*, is so far thrown into the back ground as to be hardly observable, and to constitute no essential blemish to the general brilliancy of the *picture*.

The poet proceeds to speak of a tribunal which was instituted in the *era* he is describing, for an investigation into the professional merits of the noble duke, and of which he himself was very properly the head. The author mentions the individuals who composed this inquisition, as men of *opulent, independent, disinterested* characters, three only excepted, whom he regrets as apostates to the general character of the

the arbitrators. He speaks, however, such is the omnipotence of truth, even of them, with a sort of reluctant tendency to panegyric. He says,

Keen without show, with modest learning, sly,
The subtle comment speaking in his eye ;
Of manners polish'd, yet of stubborn soul,
Which Hope allures not—nor which Fears control ;
See *Burgoyne* rapt in all a soldier's pride,
Damn with a shrug, and with a look deride ;
While coarse *Macbride* a busier task assumes,
And tears with graceless rage our hero's plumes ;
Blunts his rude science in the *chieftain's* face,
Nor deems, forgive him, *Pitt* ! a truth, disgrace :
And *Percy* too, of lineage justly vain,
Surveys the system with a mild disdain.

He consoles the reader, however, for the pain given him by the contemplation of such weakness and injustice, by hastening to inform him of the better and wiser dispositions of the other members of the tribunal ;

—But ah ! not so the rest—unlike to these,
They try each anxious blandishment to please ;
No skill uncivil e'er from them escapes,
Their modest wisdom courts no dang'rous scrapes ;

F

But

But pure regard comes glowing from the heart,
 To take a friend's—to take a master's part ;
 Nor let Suspicion with her sneers convey,
 That paltry Int'rest could with such bear sway.
 Can *Richmond's* brother be attach'd to gold ?
 Can *Luttrel's* friendship, like a vote, be sold ?
 O can such petty, such ignoble crimes,
 Stain the fair æra of these golden times,
 When *Pitt* to all perfection points the way,
 And pure *Dundas* exemplifies his lay ;
 When *Wilkes* to loyalty makes bold pretence,
Arden to law, the *Cabinet* to sense ;
 When *Prettyman* affects for truth a zeal,
 And *Macnamaras* guard the common-weal ;
 When *lawyers* argue from the holy writ,
 And *Hill* would vie with *Sheridan* in wit ;
 When *Camden*, first of Whigs, in struggles past,
 Tiz'd and tormented, quits the cause at last ;
 When *Thurlow* strives commercial skill to shew,
 And even *Sydney* something seems to know ;
 When honest *Jack* declines in men to trade,
 And court majorities by truth are sway'd ;
 When *Baker*, *Conway*, *Cavendish*, or *Byng*,
 No more an obloquy o'er senates fling ;
 When——

But where could a period be put to the
 enumeration of the *uncommon* appearances
 of the epoch in question ?—The applica-
 tion of the term *honest*, prefixed to the name
 of the person described in the last line of
 the

the above passage but three, sufficiently circumscribes the number of those particular *Jacks* who were at this moment in the contemplation of our author, and lets us with facility into the secret that he could mean no other than the worthy Mr. *John Robinson* himself.—The peculiar species of traffic that the poet represents Mr. Robinson to have dealt in, is supposed to allude to a famous occurrence of these times, when Mr. R. and another contractor agreed, in a ministerial emergency, to furnish government with *five hundred and fifty eight* ready, willing, obedient, well train'd men, at so much per head per man, whom they engaged to be *perfectly fit for any work the minister could put them to*. Tradition says, they failed in their contract by somewhat about *two hundred*.—We have not heard of what particular complexion the first order were of, but suppose them to have been *blacks*.

We collect from history, that the noble Duke had been exposed to much empty ridicule, on account of his having been, as they termed it, a judge in his own cause,

by being the President of that Court, whose exclusive jurisdiction it was to enquire into supposed official errors imputed to himself. The author scouts the venom of those impotent gibbers, and with great triumph exclaims,

If it be virtue but yourself to *know*,
Yourself to *judge*, is sure a virtue too.

Nothing can be more obvious—all judgment depends upon knowledge; and how can any other person be supposed to know a man so well as he does himself? We hope soon to see this evidently equitable principle of criminal jurisprudence fully established at the *Old Bailey*; and we are very much inclined to think, that if every *house-breaker*, &c. was in like manner permitted to judge himself, the susceptible heart would not be altogether so often shocked with spectacles of human massacre before the gates of Newgate, as, to the great disgrace of our penal system, it now is.

Our author now proceeds to speak of a transaction which he seems to touch upon

on with reluctance. It respects a young nobleman of these times, of the name of *Rawdon*. It is very remarkable, that the last couplet of this passage is printed with a scratch through the lines, as if it had been the Author's intention to have erased them. Whether he thought the event alluded to in this distich was too disgraceful for justification—or that the justification suggested was incomplete—that the image contained in them was too familiar and peurile for the general sublimity of his great poem, or whatever he thought, we know not, but such is the fact. The passage is as follows:—after relating the circumstance, he says,

Affociation forms the mind's great chain,
By plastic union many a thought we gain,
(Thus ~~Raw~~ suggested ~~Raw~~ ~~head~~, and the ~~Don~~.
Haply reminded him, of ~~Bloody~~ ~~bone~~.)

To the justice of the disgrace thrown upon the above couplet, we by no means concede.—What it wants in poetical construction, it amply makes up in the deep knowledge which it contains of the more latent feelings of the human heart, and

its philosophic detection of some of the true sources of human action. We all know how long, and how tenaciously, original prejudices stick by us. No man lives long enough to get rid of his nursery. That the noble duke therefore might not be free from the common influence of a very common sensation, no one can reasonably wonder at, and the best proof that he was not so is, that we defy any person to show us, upon what possible principle, if not upon this, the conduct of the noble duke, in the transaction alluded to, is to be explained or defended. The duke of Richmond—a gentleman by a thousand pretensions—a soldier—a legislator—a peer—in two countries a duke—in a third a prince—a man whose honour is not a mere point of speculative courtesy, but is his *oath*—impeaches the reputation of another individual of pure and unblemished character, and with the same publicity that he had applied the original imputation, this peer, prince, legislator, and soldier, *eats* every syllable he had said, and retracts every *item* of his charge. Is this to be credited with-

out

out a resort to some principle of a very paramount nature in the heart of man indeed? Is the original depravity, in the first instance, of publickly attempting to fully the fair honour of that interesting and sacred character, a youthful soldier, or the meanness in the second, of an equally public and unprecedentedly pusillanimous retraction of the whole of the calumny, to be believed in so high a personage as the duke of *Richmond*, without a reference to a cause of a very peculiar kind, to an impulse of more than ordinary potency? Evidently not—and what is there, as we have before observed, that adheres so closely, or controuls so absolutely as the legends of our boyish days, or the superstitions of a nursery? For these reasons, therefore, we give our most decided suffrage for the full re-establishment of the couplet to the fair legitimate honours that are due to it.

The poet concludes his portrait of this illustrious person, with the following lines—

The triple honours, that adorn his head,
A three-fold influence o'er his virtue shed;
As *Gallia's* prince, behold him proud and vain;
Thrifty and close as *Caledonia's* thane;
In *Richmond's* duke, we trace our own JOHN BULL,
Of schemes enamour'd—and of schemes—the GOLL.

No. V.

THE author of the Rolliad has, in his last edition, introduced so considerable an alteration, that we should hold ourselves inexcusable, after the very favourable reception our commentaries have been honoured with, in omitting to seize the earliest opportunity of pointing it out to the public.

Finding the variety and importance of the characters he is called upon to describe, likely to demand a greater portion both of time and words than an expiring man can be reasonably supposed to afford, instead of leaving the whole description of that illustrious assembly, or which the Dying Drummer has already delineated some of the principal ornaments, to the same character, he has made an addition to the vision in which the House of Commons is represented, at the conclusion of the Sixth Book, by contriving that the lantern of Merlin should be shifted in such a manner, as to display

display at once to the eager eye of Rollo, the whole interior of the Upper House; to gain a seat in which the hero immediately expresses a laudable impatience, as well as a just indignation, on beholding persons, far less worthy than himself, among those whom the late very numerous creations prevent our calling—

—*pauci—quos æquus amavit*
Jupiter—

With still less propriety, perhaps, we should add—

—*Aut ardens evexit ad æthera virtus.* VIRG.

The hero's displeasure is thus forcibly described:—

Zounds! quoth great *Rollo*, with indignant frown,
'Mid British nobles shall a base-born clown,
With air imperious ape a monarch's nod,
Less fit to sit there than my groom, by G—d*?

Longinus, in his chapter on interrogations, proves them to be a source of the sublime. They are, indeed, says Dr. Young, the proper stile of majesty incensed. Where

* See Mr. Rolle's speech in the parliamentary debates.

G

therefore,

therefore, can they be with more propriety introduced, than from the mouth of our offended hero? Merlin, after sympathizing with him in the justice of these feelings, proceeds to a description of the august assembly they are viewing. The author's reverence for the religion of his country naturally disposes him first to take notice of the spiritual lords of Parliament—

Yon rev'rend prelates, robed in sleeves of lawn,
Too meek to murmur, and too proud to fawn
Who, still submissive to their Maker's nod,
Adore their Sov'reign, and respect their God;
And wait, good men! all worldly things forgot,
In humble hope of Enoch's happy lot.

We apprehend that in the fourth line, by an error in the press, the words "adore" and "respect," must have been misplaced; but our veneration for our author will not permit us to hazard even the slightest alteration of the text. The happy ambiguity of the word "Maker," is truly beautiful.

We are sorry, however, to observe that modern times afford some instances of exceptions to the above description, as well as
one

one very distinguished one, indeed, to that which follows of the sixteen Peers of Scotland:—

Alike in loyalty, alike in worth,
Behold the sixteen nobles of the north;
Fast friends to monarchy, yet sprung from those
Who basely sold their monarch to his foes;
Since which, atoning for their fathers' crime,
The sons, as basely, fell themselves to him:
With ev'ry change prepar'd to change their note,
With ev'ry government prepar'd to vote,
Save when, perhaps, on some important bill,
They know, by second sight, the royal will;
With loyal *Denbigh* hearing birds that sing,
“ Oppose the minister to please the king. ”

These last lines allude to a well-authenticated anecdote, which deserves to be recorded as an instance of the interference of divine Providence in favour of this country, when her immediate destruction was threatened by the memorable India bill, so happily rejected by the House of Lords in the year 1783.

The Earl of *Denbigh*, a Lord of his Majesty's Bedchamber, being newly married,

and solacing himself at his country-seat in the sweets of matrimonial bliss, to his great astonishment heard, on a winter's evening, in the cold month of December, a nightingale singing in the woods. Having listened with great attention to so extraordinary a phenomenon, it appeared to his Lordship that the bird distinctly repeated the following significant words, in the same manner that the bells of London admonished the celebrated Whittington :

“ Throw out the India bill;

“ Such is your master's will.”

His Lordship immediately communicated this singular circumstance to the fair partner of his conubial joys, who, for the good of her country, patriotically, though reluctantly, consented to forego the newly tasted delights of wedlock, and permitted her beloved bridegroom to set out for London, where his lordship fortunately arrived in time to co-operate with the rest of his noble and honourable brethren, the lords of the king's bedchamber, in defeating that detestable measure; a measure calculated to
effect

effect the immediate ruin of this country, by overthrowing the happy system of government which has so long prevailed in our East-India territories.—After having described the above-mentioned classes of nobility, he proceeds to take notice of the admirable person who so worthily presides in this august assembly :——

The rugged *Thurlow*, who with sullen fowl,
In surly mood, at friend and foe will growl ;
Of proud prerogative, the stern support,
Defends the entrance of great *George's* court
'Gainst factious Whigs, lest they who stole the seal,
The sacred diadem itself should steal :
So have I seen near village-butcher's stall,
(If things so great may be compar'd with small,)
A mastiff guarding, on a market day,
With snarling vigilance, his master's tray.

The fact of a desperate and degraded faction having actually broken into the dwelling-house of the lord high chancellor, and carried off the great seal of England, is of equal notoriety and authenticity with that of their having treacherously attempted, when in power, to transfer the crown of Great-Britain from the head of our most
gracious

gracious sovereign to that of their ambitious leader, so justly denominated the Cromwell of modern times.

While our author is dwelling on events which every Englishman must recollect with heart-felt satisfaction, he is naturally reminded of that excellent nobleman, whose character he has, in the mouth of the dying drmmmer, given more at large, and who bore so meritorious a share in that happy revolution which restored to the sovereign of these kingdoms the right of nominating his own servants; a right exercised by every private gentleman in the choice of his butler, cook, coachman, footman &c. but which a powerful and wicked aristocratic combination endeavoured to circumscribe in the monarch, with respect to the appointment of ministers of state. Upon this occasion he compares the noble marquis to the pious hero of the *Æneid*, and recollects the description of his conduct during the conflagration of Troy; an alarming moment, not unaptly likened to that of the duke of Portland's

Portland's administration, when his majesty, like king Priam, had the misfortune of seeing

— *Medium in penetralibus hostem.* VIRG.

The learned reader will bear in mind the description of Æneas:—

Limen erat, cæcæque fores, &c. VIRG.

When *Troy* was burning, and th' insulting foe
Had well nigh laid her lofty bulwarks low,
The good Æneas, to avert her fate,
Sought *Priam's* palace through a postern gate:
Thus when the Whigs, a bold and factious band,
Had snatch'd the sceptre from their sov'reign's hand,
Up the *back-stairs* the virtuous *Grenville* sneaks,
To rid the closet of those worse than *Greeks*,
Whose impious tongues audaciously maintain,
That for their subjects, kings were born to reign.

The abominable doctrines of the republican party are here held forth in their genuine colours, to the detestation of all true lovers of our happy constitution. The magician then thinks fit to endeavour to pacify the hero's indignation, which we before took

took notice of, on seeing persons less worthy than himself preferred to the dignity of peerage, by the mention of two of those newly created, whose promotion equally reflects the highest honour upon government.

Lonsdale and *Camelford*, thrice honour'd names !
 Whose god-like bosoms glow with patriot flames :
 To serve his country, at her utmost need,
 By this, behold a ship of war decreed ;
 While that, impell'd by all a convert's zeal,
 Devotes his borough to the public weal.
 But still the wise their second thoughts prefer,
 Thus both our patriots on these gifts demur ;
 Ere yet she's launch'd, the vessel runs aground,
 And *Sarum* sells for twice three thousand pound.

The generous offers of those public-spirited noblemen, the one during the administration of the marquis of Landsdown, proposing to build a seventy-four gun ship for the public service ; the other on Mr. Pitt's motion for a parliamentary reform, against which he had before not only voted, but written a pamphlet, declaring his readiness to make a present of his burgage tenure borough of old *Sarum* to the bank of England,

gland, are too fresh in the recollection of their grateful countrymen to need being here recorded. With respect, however, to the subsequent sale of the borough for the "twice three thousand pounds," our author does not himself seem perfectly clear, since we afterwards meet with these lines:

Say, what gave *Camelford* his wish'd-for rank?
 Did he devote *old Sarum* to the Bank?
 Or did he not, that envied rank to gain,
 Transfer the victim to the *Treas'ry's* fame?

His character of the earl of *Lonsdale* is too long to be here inserted, but is perhaps one of the most finished parts of the whole poem: we cannot, however, refrain from transcribing the four following lines, on account of the peculiar happiness of their expression. The reader will not forget the declaration of this great man, that he was in possession of the land, the fire, and the water, of the town of *Whitehaven*.

E'en by the elements his pow'r confess'd,
 Of mines and boroughs *Lonsdale* stands possess'd:
 And one sad servitude alike denotes
 The slave that labours, and the slave that votes.

H

Our

Our paper now reminds us that it is time to close our observations for the present, which we shall do with four lines added by our author to the former part of the sixth book, in compliment to his favourite the marquis of Graham, on his late happy marriage.

With joy *Britannia* sees her fav'rite goose
Fast bound and *pinion'd* in the nuptial noose;
Prefaging fondly from so fair a mate,
A rood of gossings, cackling in debate.

N^o. VI.

OUR *dying drummer*, in consequence of his extraordinary exertions in delineating those exalted personages, the MARQUIS OF BUCKINGHAM and DUKE OF RICHMOND; exertions which we think we may venture to pronounce unparalleled by any one, drummer or other, similarly circumstanced; unfortunately found himself so debilitated that, we were very fearful, like Balaam's ass, LORD VALLETORT, or any other equally strange animal, occasionally endowed with speech, his task being executed, that his mouth would for ever after remain incapable of utterance.

But though his powers might be suspended, fortunately the

—in æternam clauduntur lumina noctem,

has, in consequence of the timely relaxation afforded to the wounded gentleman during the whole of our last number, been for the present avoided; and, like MR. PITT's question of parliamentary reform, adjourned to a more *expedient moment*.

To our drummer we might say, as well
as to our matchless premier,

Larga quidem DRANCE, semper tibi copia fandi,
which though some malevolent critics might
profligately translate

“ There is no end to thy prosing,”

those who have read our drummer's last
dying words, or heard our minister's new
made speeches, will admit to be in both
instances equally inapplicable.

The natural powers of our author here
again burst forth with such renovated ener-
gy, that, like the swan, his music seems to
increase as his veins become drained.

Alluding to an event too recent to require
elucidation, after describing the virtues of
the most amiable personage in the kingdom,
and more particularly applauding her cha-
rity, which he says is so unbounded, that it

—— Surmounts dull Nature's ties,

Nor even to WINCHELSEA a smile denies.

He

He proceeds

And thou too, LENOX! worthy of thy name!
 Thou heir to RICHMOND, and to RICHMOND's fame!
 On equal terms, when BRUNSWICK deign'd to grace
 The spurious offspring of the STUART race;
 When thy rash arm design'd her favorite dead,
 The christian triumph'd, and the mother fled:
 No rage indignant shook her pious frame,
 No partial doating sway'd the faint-like dame;
 But, spurn'd and scorn'd where Honor's sons resort,
 Her friendship sooth'd thee, in thy monarch's court.

How much does this meek resignation, in respect to COLONEL LENOX, appear superior to the pagan rage of MEZENTIUS towards ÆNEAS, on somewhat of a similar occasion, when, instead of desiring him to dance a minuet at the Etrurian court, he savagely, and of malice prepense, hurls his spear at the foe of his son, madly exclaiming

—Jam venio moriturus et hæc tibi porto
 Dona prius.

But our author excels Virgil, as much as the amiable qualities of the great personage described, exceed those of MEZENTIUS: that august character instead of dying, did not so much as faint; and so far from hurling a spear
 at

at MR. LENOX, she did not cast at him even an angry glance.

The christian triumph'd &c.

We are happy in noticing this line, and indeed the whole of the passage, on another account, as it establishes the orthodoxy of the drummer upon so firm a basis, that DR. HORSELY himself could scarcely object to his obtaining a seat in parliament.

There is something so extremely ingenious in the following lines, and they account too on such rational grounds for a partiality that has puzzled so many able heads, that we cannot forbear transcribing them.

Apostrophizing the exalted personage before alluded to, he says,

Early you read, nor did the advice deride,
Suspicion ne'er should taint a CÆSAR'S bride;
And who in spotless purity so fit
To guard an honest wife's good fame, as PITT.

The beautiful compliment here introduced to the chastity of our immaculate premier,
5 from

from the pen of such an author, must give him the most supreme satisfaction. And

O decus Italix virgo!!!

Long mayst thou continue to deserve it!!!

From treating of the minister's virgin innocence, our author, by a very unaccountable transition, proceeds to a family man, namely the modern MÆCENAS, the CENSOR MORUM, the ARBITER ELEGANTIARUM of Great Britain; in a word, to the most illustrious JAMES CECIL EARL OF SALISBURY, and lord chamberlain to his majesty, whom, in a kind of episode he thus addresses.

Oh! had the gods but kindly will'd it so
That thou hadst lived two hundred years ago:
Had'st thou then ruled the stage, from sportive scorn
Thy prudent care had guarded peers unborn.
No simple chamberlains had libell'd been,
No OSTRICKS fool'd in SHAKESPEARE's saucy scene.

But then wisely recollecting this not to be altogether the most friendly of wishes, in as much, that, if his lordship had been chamberlain to QUEEN ELIZABETH, he could not, in the common course of events, have been, as his honor SIR RICHARD PEPPER

ARDEN

ARDEN most sweetly sings in his PROBATION-ARY ODE,

“ The tallest, fittest man to go before the king,”

in the days of GEORGE THE THIRD; by which we should most probably not only have been deprived of the attic entertainments of SIGNORS DELPINI and CARNEVALE, but perhaps too have lost some of our best dramatic writers; such as GREATHEAD, HAYLEY, DR. STRATFORD, and TOMMY VAUGHAN: our author, with a sudden kind of repentance, says,

But hence fond thoughts, nor be by passion hurried!

Had he then lived, he now were dead and buried.

Not now should theatres his orders own;

Not now in alehouse signs his face be shewn.

If we might be so presumptuous as to impute a fault to our author, we should say that he is rather too fond of what the French stile *equivoque*—This partiality of his breaks forth in a variety of places; such as SIR JOSEPH MAWBEE being

———a knowing man in *grain*,

———MARTIN'S *sterling* sense, &c. &c.

In the present instance too, where, sup-
posing

posing the noble marquis to have lived two hundred years ago, he says,

“ Not now should theatres his *orders* own.”

He leaves us completely in the dark, whether, by the word *orders*, we are to understand his lordship's commands as *theatrical anatomist*, or the *recommendations*, which he is pleased to make to the managers of our public amusements, to admit his dependants and servants gratuitously ; and which recommendations in the vulgar tongue of the theatres are technically stiled *orders*. If we might hazard an opinion, from the known condescension of his lordship, and his attention to the accommodation of his inferiors, we should be inclined to construe it in the latter sense ; an attention indeed, which, in the case in question, is said to be so unbounded, that he might exclaim with ÆNEAS

Nemo ex hoc numero mihi non donatus abibit.

Should any caviler here object, that for every five shillings thus generously bestowed on the dependant, a proportionate *vacuum* is made in the pocket of the manager, let him

I

recollect

recollect, that it is a first and immutable principle of civil policy, that *the convenience of the few must yield to the accommodation of the many*; and, that the noble marquis, as a peer and legislator of Great Britain, is too closely attached to our excellent constitution to swerve from so old and established a maxim.

With respect to the last line of the couplet

“ Not now in alehouse signs his face be shewn.”

we must confess that our author's imagination has here been rather too prurient.—His lordship's head does not, as far as we can learn, upon the most minute enquiry, *at present* grace any alehouse whatever—It was indeed for some little time displayed at HATFIELD in HERTS; but the words “ *Good entertainment within,*” being written under it, they were deemed by travellers so extremely unapposite, that, to avoid further expence, LORD SALISBURY's head was taken down, and “ *The old bald faced Stag,*” “ resumed its pristine station.

Yet

Yet, enraptured with his first idea, our author soon forgets his late reflection, and proceeds on the supposition of the noble lord having exercised his pruning knife upon SHAKESPEARE and JOHNSON, and the advantages which would have been derived from it, some of which he thus beautifully describes :

To plays should RICHMOND then undaunted come,

Secured from listening to PAROLLES's drum ;

Nor shouldst thou, CAMELFORD, the fool reprove,

Who lost a world to gain a wanton's love.

" Give me a horse " CATHCART should ne'er annoy ;

Nor thou, oh ! PITT, behold the Angry Boy.

The last line but one of these,

Give me a horse, &c.

seems to allude to a circumstance that occurred in America, where his lordship being on foot, and having to march nearly five miles over a sandy plain in the heat of summer, fortunately discovered, tied to the door of a house, a horse belonging to an officer of cavalry. His lordship thinking that riding was pleasanter than walking, and probably also imagining that the owner might be

better engaged, judged it expedient to avail himself of this steed, which thus so fortunately presented itself, and accordingly borrowed it. The subsequent apology, however, which he made when the proprietor, rather out of humour at his unlooked-for pedestrian expedition, came up to reclaim his lost goods, was so extremely ample, that the most rigid asserter of the old fusty doctrines of *meum* and *tuum* cannot deny that the dismounted cavalier had full compensation for any inconvenience that he might have experienced. And we must add, that we think that every delicacy of the noble lord on this subject ought now to terminate.

We shall conclude with an extract from some complimentary verses by a noble secretary, who is himself both an AMATEUR and ARTISTE—Were any thing wanting to our author's fame, this elegant testimony in his favour must be decisive with every reader of taste.

Oh! mighty ROLLE, may long thy fame be known!

And long thy virtues in his verse be shewn!

When

When THURLOW's christian meekness, SYDNEY's sense,
 When RICHMOND's valour, HOPETOWN's eloquence,
 When HAWKESB'RY's patriotifm neglected lie
 Intomb'd with CHESTERFIELD's humanity,
 When PRETTYMAN, fage guardian of PITT's youth
 Shall lose each claim to honesty and truth,
 When each pure blush DUNDAS's cheek can boast,
 With ARDEN's law and nose alike are lost,
 When grateful ROBINSON shall be forgot,
 And not a line be read of MAJOR SCOTT,
 When PHIPPS no more shall listening crouds engage,
 And HAMMET's jests be ras'd from memory's page,
 When PITT each patriot's joy no more shall prove,
 Nor from fond beauty catch the sigh of love,
 When even thy sufferings, virtuous chief! shall fade,
 And BASSET's horsewhip but appear a shade,
 Thy sacred spirit shall effulgence shed
 And raise to kindred fame the mighty dead:
 Long ages shall admire thy matchless soul,
 And children's children lisp the praise of ROLLE,

Nº. VII.

IT now only remains for us to perform the last melancholy office to the dying drummer, and to do what little justice we can to the very ingenious and striking manner in which our author closes at once his prophecy and his life.

It is a trite observation, that the curious seldom hear any good of themselves; and all epic poets, who have sent their heroes to conjurors, have, with excellent morality, taught us, that they who pry into futurity, too often anticipate affliction.—**VIRGIL** plainly intimates this lesson in the caution which he puts into the mouth of **ANCHISES**, when **ÆNEAS** enquires into the future destiny of the younger **MARCELLUS**, whose premature death forms the pathetic subject of the concluding vision in the sixth book of the **ÆNEID**:

“ O nate, ingentem luctum ne quære tuorum.”

“ Seek

“ Seek not to know (the ghost replied with tears)

“ The sorrows of thy sons in future years.”

DRYDEN.

Then, instead of declining any further answer, he very unnecessarily proceeds to make his son as miserable as he can, by detailing all the circumstances best calculated to create the most tender interest.—The revelation of disagreeable events to come, is by our poet more naturally put into the mouth of an enemy.—After running over many more noble names than the records of the herald's office afford us any assistance in tracing, the second-sighted Saxon, in the midst of his dying convulsions, suddenly bursts into a violent explosion of laughter.—This, of course, excites the curiosity of ROLLO, as it probably will that of our readers ; upon which the drummer insults his conqueror with rather a long but very lively recital of all the numerous disappointments and mortifications with which he foresees that the destinies will affect the virtues of ROLLO's great descendant, the present illustrious member for Devonshire. He mentions

2

Mr.

Mr. ROLLE's many unsuccessful attempts to obtain the honour of the peerage ; and alludes to some of the little spleenetic escapes into which even his elevated magnanimity is well known to have been for a moment betrayed on those trying occasions. We now see all the drift and artifice of the poet, and why he thought the occasion worthy of making the drummer so preternaturally long winded, in displaying at full all the glories of the house of peers : it was to heighten by contrast the chagrin of ROLLO at finding the doors of this august assembly for ever barred against his posterity.

To understand the introductory lines of the following passage, it is necessary to inform our readers, if they are not already acquainted with the fact, that somewhere in the back settlements of America, there is now actually existing an illegitimate batch of little ROLLE's.

Though wide should spread thy spurious race around
In other worlds, which must not yet be found,

While

While they with savages in forests roam
 Deserted, far from their paternal home;
 A mightier savage in thy wilds, Ex-MOOR,
 Their well-born brother shall his fate deplore,
 By friends neglected, as by foes abhorr'd,
 No duke, no marquis, not a simple lord.
 Tho' thick as MARGARET's knights with each address,
 New peers, on peers, in crowds each other press,
 He only finds, of all the friends of PITT,
 His luckless head no coronet will fit.

But what our author seems more particularly to have laboured, is a passage which he has lately inserted: it relates to the cruel flight which was shewn to Mr. ROLLE during the late royal progress through the west.—Who is there that remembers the awful period when the regency was in suspense, but must at the same time remember the patriotic, decent, and consistent conduct of Mr. ROLLE? How laudably, in his parliamentary speeches, did he co-operate, to the best of his power, with the popular pamphlets of the worthy Dr. WITHERS! How nobly did he display his steady loyalty to the father, while he endeavoured to shake the future right of the son to the throne of his ancestors! How brightly did he manifest his at-

K

tachment

tachment to the person of his MAJESTY, by voting to seclude him in the hour of sickness from the too distressing presence of his royal brothers and his children ; and, after all, when he could no longer resist the title of the heir apparent, with what unembarrassed grace did he agree to the address of his constituents, complimenting the prince on his accession to that high charge, *to which his SITUATION and VIRTUES so eminently ENTITLED him* : yet, even then, with how peculiar a dexterity did Mr. ROLLE mingle what some would have thought an affront, with his praises, directly informing his ROYAL HIGHNESS that he had no confidence whatever in any virtues but those of the minister. But, alas, how uncertain is the reward of all sublunary merit ! Those good judges who enquired into the literary labours of the pious and charitable Dr. WITHERS, did not exalt him to that conspicuous post, which he so justly deserved, and would so well have graced ; neither did one ray of royal favour cheer the loyalty of Mr. ROLLE during his majesty's visit to DEVONSHIRE ; though, with an unexampled liberality,

rality, the worthy member had contracted
 for the fragments of lord MOUNT EDG-
 CUMBE's desert, and the ruins of his tri-
 umphal arches ; had brought down several
 of the minister's young friends to personate
 virgins in white, sing, and strew flowers
 along the way ; and had actually dispatched
 a chaise and four to Exeter, for his old
 friend and instructor, *mynbeer* HOPPINGEN
 VAN CAPERAGEN, dancing-master and poet ;
 who had promised to prepare both the *bal-
 lets* and *ballads* for this glorious festivity.
 And for whom was Mr. ROLLE neglected ?
 For his colleague, Mr. BASTARD ; a gen-
 tleman who, in his political oscillations, has
 of late vibrated much more frequently to
 the opposition than to the treasury bench.
 This most unaccountable preference we are
 certain must be matter of deep regret to
 all our readers of sensibility ;—to the drum-
 mer it is matter of exultation.

In vain with such bold spirit shall he speak,
 That furious WITHERS shall to him seem meek ;
 In vain for party urge his country's fate ;
 To save the church, in vain distract the state ;

In loyal duty to the father shewn,
 Doubt the sons title to his future throne ;
 And from the suffering monarch's couch remove
 All care fraternal, and all filial love :
 Then when mankind in choral praise unite,
 Though blind before, see virtues beaming bright ;
 Yet feigning to confide, distrust evince,
 And while he flatters, dare insult his PRINCE.
 Vain claims !---when now, the people's sins transferred
 On their own heads, mad riot is the word ;
 When through the west in gracious progress goes
 The monarch, happy victor of his woes ;
 While Royal smiles gild every cottage wall,
Hope never comes to ROLLE, that comes to all ;
 And more with envy to disturb his breast,
 BASTARD's glad roof receives the Royal guest.

Here the drummer, exhausted with this
 last wonderful exertion, begins to find his
 pangs increase fast upon him ; and what
 follows, for two and thirty lines, is all in-
 terrupted with different interjections of
 laughter and pain, till the last line, which
 consists entirely of such interjections.—Our
 readers may probably recollect the well-
 known line of THOMSON :

“ OH, SOPHONISBA, SOPHONISBA, OH !”

Which,

Which, by the way, is but a poor plagiarism from SHAKESPEARE:

“ OH, DESDEMONA, DESDEMONA, OH!”

There is certainly in this line a very pretty change rung in the different ways of arranging the name and the interjection; but perhaps there may be greater merit, though of another kind, in the sudden change of passions which OTWAY has expressed in the dying interjecting of PIERRE:

“ We have deceived the senate---ha! ha! oh!”

These modern instances, however, fall very short of the admirable use made of interjections by the ancients, especially the GREEKS, who did not scruple to put together whole lines of them.—Thus in the PHILOCTETES of SOPHOCLES, beside a great number of hemisticks, we find a verse and a half:

“ ————— Παπαι,

“ Παπᾶ, παπᾶ, παπᾶ, παπᾶ, παπᾶ παπαι.”

The

The harsh and intractable genius of our language will not permit us to give any adequate idea of the soft, sweet, and innocent sound of the original.—It may, however, be faithfully, though coarsely, translated

“ ————— Alas !

“ Alack ! alack ! alack ! alack ! alack ! alas !”

At the same time, we have our doubts whether some chastised tastes may not prefer the simplicity of ARISTOPHANES ; though it must not be concealed, that there are critics who think he meant a wicked stroke of ridicule at the PHILOCTETES of SOPHOCLES, when, in his own PLUTUS, he makes his fycophant, at the smell of roast meat, exclaim—

“ τῦ, ὤῦ, ὤῦ, ὤῦ, ὤῦ, ὤῦ !”

Which we shall render by an excellent interjection, first coined from the rich mint of MAJOR JOHN SCOTT, in his incomparable Ode—

“ Sniff sniff, sniff sniff, sniff sniff, sniff sniff,
“ sniff sniff.”

But

But whatever may be the comparative merits of these passages, ancient and modern, we are confident no future critic will dispute but that they are all excelled by the following exquisite couplet of our author :

Ha! ha!—this sooths me in severest woe;
Ho! ho!—ah! ah!—oh! oh!—ha! ah!—ho!—oh!!!

We have now seen the drummer quietly inurn'd, and sung our requiem over his grave; we hope, however, that

—— He, dead corse, may yet, in complete calf,
Revisit oft the glimpses of the candle,
Making night cheerful.

We had flattered ourselves with the hope of concluding the criticisms on the ROLLIAD with an ode of Mr. ROLLE himself, written in the original Ex-MOOR dialect; but we have hitherto, owing to the eagerness with which that gentleman's literary labours are sought after, unfortunately been unable to procure a copy. The learned Mr. DAINES BARRINGTON having, however, kindly hinted to us, that he thought he had
once

once heard Sir JOHN HAWKINS say, that he believed there was something applicable to a drum in the possession of Mr. STEVENS, the erudite anotator on SHAKESPEARE, Sir JOSEPH BANKS kindly wrote to that gentleman; who, upon searching into his manuscripts at Hamstead, found the following epitaph, which is clearly designed for our drummer. Mr. STEVENS was so good as to accompany his kind and invaluable communication with a differtation, to prove that this FRANCIS of GLASTONBURY, from similitarity of stile and orthography, must have been the author of the epitaph which declares that celebrated outlaw, ROBIN HOOD, to have been a British peer. Mr. PEGGE too informs us, that the HARLEIAN MISCELLANY will be found to confirm this idea; and at the same time suggests, whether, as that dignified character, Mr. WARREN HASTINGS, has declared himself to be descended from an Earl of HUNTINGDON, and the late Earl and his family have, through some unaccountable fantasy, as constantly declined the honour of the affinity, this apparent difference of opinion
may

may not be accounted for by supposing him to be descended from *that* Earl.— But, if we are to imagine any descendants of that exalted character to be still in existence, with great deference to Mr. PEGGE'S better judgment, might not Sir ALEXANDER HOOD, and his noble brother, from similarity of name, appear more likely to be descendants of this celebrated archer; and from him also inherit that skill which the gallant admiral, on a never to be forgotten occasion, so eminently displayed, in drawing a *long bow*. We can only now lament, that we have not room for any minute enquiry into these various hypotheses, and that we are under the necessity of proceeding to the drummer's epitaph, and the conclusion of our criticisms.

“ A stalwart Saxon here doth lie,
 “ Japeth nat, men of Normandie;
 “ Rollo nought scott his dyand wordes
 “ Of poynt no pertand than a swordis.
 “ And leal folke of Englelonde
 “ Shall haben hem ybir mo in honde.
 “ Bot syn that in his life I trowe,

L

“ Bot

" Bot syn that in his life I trowe,
" Of shepis skynnes he hadde ynowe,
" For yvir he drommed thereupon :
" Now he, pardie, is dede and gone,
" May no man chese a shepis skynne
" To wrappe his dyand wordes inne."

Ed. Frauncis of Glattonbury.

POLITICAL ECLOGUES.

L 2

ROSE;

POLITICAL ECONOMY

R O S E;
OR,
THE COMPLAINT.

ARGUMENT.

IN this Eclogue our Author has imitated the Second of his favourite Virgil, with more than his usual Precision. The subject of Mr. ROSE's COMPLAINT is, that he is left to do the whole Business of the Treasury during the broiling Heats of Summer, while his Collegue, Mr. STEELE, enjoys the cool Breezes from the Sea, with Mr. PITT, at Brighthelmstone. In this the Scholar has improved on the Original of his great Master, as the Cause of the Distress, which he relates, is much more natural. This Eclogue, from some internal Evidence, we believe to have been written in the Summer of 1785, though there may be one or two Allusions that have been inserted at a later Period.

ROSE ; OR, THE COMPLAINT.

NONE more than ROSE, amid the courtly ring,
 Lov'd BILLY, joy of JENKY and the KING.
 But vain his hope to shine in BILLY's eyes ;
 Vain all his votes, his speeches, and his lies.
 STEELE's happier claims the boy's regard engage ; 5
 Alike their studies, nor unlike their age :
 With STEELE, companion of his vacant hours,
 Oft would he seek Brighthelmstone's sea-girt tow'rs ;
 For STEELE, relinquish Beauty's trifling talk,
 With STEELE, each morning ride, each evening walk ; 10
 Or in full tea-cups drowning cares of state,
 On gentler topics urge the mock debate ;
 On coffee now the previous question move ;
 Now rise a surplusage of cream to prove ;

IMITATIONS.

VIRGIL. ECLOGUE II.

Formosum pastor Corydon, ardebat Alexin
 Delicias domini ; nec, quid speraret, habebat.

Pass muffins in Committees of Supply, 15
 And "butter'd toast" amend by adding "dry :"
 Then gravely sage, as in St. Stephen's scenes,
 With grief more true, propose the Ways and Means ;
 Or wanting these, unanimous of will,
 They negative the leave to bring a bill. 20

In one sad joy all ROSE's comfort lay ;
 Pensive he sought the Treasury, day by day ;
 There, in his inmost chamber lock'd alone,
 To boxes red and green he pour'd his moan
 In rhymes uncouth ; for ROSE, to business bred 25
 A purser's clerk, in rhyme was little read ;
 Nor, since his learning with his fortunes grew,
 Had such vain arts engag'd his sober view,
 For STOCKDALE's shelves contented to compose
 The humbler poetry of lying prose. 30

O barb'rous BILLY ! (thus would he begin)
 ROSE and his lies you value not a pin ;

Yet

IMITATIONS.

Tantum inter densas, umbrosa cacumina, fagos
 Assiduè veniebat ; ibi hæc incondita solus
 Montibus et sylvis studio jactabat inani.
 O crudelis Alexi ! nihil mea carmina curas ;
 Nil nostri miserere : mori me denique coges.

NOTES.

Ver. 29 and 32 allude to a pamphlet on the Irish Propositions, commonly called the Treasury Pamphlet, and universally attributed to Mr.

Yet to compassion callous as a Turk,
 You kill me, cruel! with eternal work.
 Now after six long months of nothing done, 35
 Each to his home, our youthful statesmen run;
 The mongrel 'squires, whose votes our Treasury pays,
 Now, with their hunters, till the winter, graze;
 Now e'en the reptiles of the Blue and Buff,
 In rural leisure scrawl their factious stuff; 40
 Already pious HILL, with timely cares,
 New songs, new hymns, for harvest-home prepares:
 But with the love-lorne beauties, whom I mark
 Thin and more thin, parading in the park,
 I yet remain; and ply my busy feet 45
 From DUKE-STREET hither, henceto DOWNING-STREET;

IMITATIONS.

*Nunc etiam pecudes umbras & frigora captant;
 Nunc virides etiam occultant spineta lacertos;
 Thestylis & rapido fessis messoribus æstu
 Allia serpyllumque herbas contundit olentes,
 At mecum raucis, tua dum vestigia lustro,
 Sole sub ardenti resonant arbusta cicadis.*

NOTES.

Mr. Rose. This work of the Honourable Secretary's was eminently distinguished by a gentlemanlike contempt for the pedantry of grammar, and a poetical abhorrence of dull fact.

Ver. 42. For a long account of Sir Richard Hill's harvest-home, and of the godly hymns and ungodly ballads, sung on the occasion, see the newspapers in Autumn 1784.

In vain!—while far from this deserted scene,
With happier STEELE you faunter on the Steine.

And for a paltry salary, stript of fees,
Thus shall I toil, while others live at ease? 50

Better, another summer long, obey
Self-weening LANSDOWNE'S transitory sway:
Tho' GRAFTON call'd him proud, I found him kind;
With me he puzzled, and with him I din'd.

Better with FOX in opposition share, 55
Black tho' he be, and tho' my BILLY fair.

Think, BILLY, think, JOHN BULL, a tasteless brute,
By black, or fair, decides not the dispute:

Ah! think, how politics resemble chefs;
Tho' now the white exult in short success, 60

One erring move a sad reverse may bring,
The black may triumph, and check-mate our king.

IMITATIONS.

Nonnè fuit melius tristes Amyrillidis iras
Atque superba pata fastidia? Nonnè Menalcan
Quamvis ille niger, quamvis tu candidus esses,
O formose puer, nimum ne crede colori.
Alba ligustra cadunt, vaccinia nigra leguntur.

NOTES.

Ver. 49. Justice to the Minister obliges us to observe, that he is by no means chargeable with the scandalous illiberality above intimated, of reducing the income of the Secretaries of the Treasury to the miserable pittance of 3000*l.* a year. This was one of the many infamous acts which so deservedly drew down the hatred of all true friends to their king and country, on those pretended patriots, the Whigs.

You

You slight me, BILLY ; and but little heed,
 What talents I possess, what merits plead ;
 How in white lies abounds my fertile brain ; 65
 And with what forgeries I those lies sustain.
 A thousand fictions wander in my mind ;
 With me all seasons ready forgeries find.
 I know the charm by ROBINSON employ'd,
 How to the Treas'ry JACK his rats decoy'd. 70
 Not wit, but malice, PRETTYMAN reveals,
 When to my head he argues from my heels.
 My skull is not so thick ; but last recess
 I finish'd a whole pamphlet for the press ;
 And if by some seditious scribbler maul'd, 75
 The pen of CHALMERS to my aid I call'd,

IMITATIONS.

Sum tibi despectus ; nec qui sim quæris, Alexi :
 Quam dives pecoris nivei, quam lactis abundans.
 Mille mææ Siculis errant in montibus agnæ :
 Lac mihi non æstate novum, none frigore desit.
 Canto, quæ solitus, si quando armenta vocabat,
 Amphion Dirceus in Actæo Aracyntho.

NOTES.

Ver. 66. We know not of what forgeries Mr. Rose here boasts. Perhaps he may mean the paper relative to his interview with Mr. Gibbon and Mr. Reynolds, so opportunely found in an obscure drawer of Mr. Pitt's bureau. See the Parliamentary Debates of 1785.

Ver. 71. Alludes to a couplet in the LYARS, which was written before the present Eclogue.

With PRETTY would I write, tho' judg'd by you ;
If all, that authors think themselves, be true.

O! to the smoky town would BILLY come ;
With me draw estimates, or cast a sum ; 80
Pore on the papers which these trunks contain,
Then with red tape in bundles tie again ;
Chaste tho' he be, if Billy cannot sing,
Yet should he play, to captivate the KING.

Beneath two Monarchs of the Brunswick line, 85
In wealth to flourish, and in arms to shine,
Was Britain's boast ; 'till GEORGE THE THIRD arose,
In arts to gain his triumphs o'er our foes.

From

IMITATIONS.

Nec sum adeò informis : nuper me in littore vidi,
Cum placidum ventis stare mare : non ego Daphnim,
Judice te, metuum, si nunquam fallat imago.
O tantum libeat mecum tibi fordida rura
Atque humiles habitare casas, & figere cervos,
Hædorumque gregem viridi compellere hibisco.
Mecum unà in Sylois imitabere Pana canendo.

Pan primus calamos cerâ conjungere plures
Instituit ; —————

NOTES.

Ver. 78. The *Reply to the Treasury Pamphlet* was answered not by Mr. Rose himself, but by Mr. George Chalmers.

Ver. 88. The following digression on his Majesty's love of the fine arts, though it be somewhat long, will carry its apology with it in the truth and beauty of the panegyric. The judicious reader will observe that the style

From RAMSAY's pallet, and from WHITEHEAD's lyre,
 He fought renown, that ages may admire: 90
 And RAMSAY gone, the honours of a name
 To REYNOLDS gives, but trusts to WEST for fame;
 For he alone, with subtler judgment blest,
 Shall teach the world how REYNOLDS yields to WEST.
 He too, by merit measuring the meed, 95
 Bids WARTON now to WHITEHEAD's bays succeed;
 But, to reward FAUQUIER's illustrious toils,
 Reserves the richer half of WHITEHEAD's spoils.
 For well the monarch saw with prescient eye,
 That WARTON's wants kind OXFORD would supply, 100

NOTES.

is more elevated, like the subject, and for this the poet may plead both the example and precept of his favourite Virgil.

————— *Sylvæ sint consule dignæ.*

Ver. 91 and 92. Since the death of Ramsay, Sir Joshua Reynolds is nominally painter to the king, though his Majesty sits only to Mr. West.

Ver. 93. This line affords a striking instance of our poet's dexterity in the use of his classical learning. He here translates a single phrase from Horace.

Judicium subtile videndis artibus illud.

When he could not possibly apply what concludes,

Bæotum in crasso jurares ære natum.

Ver. 95. Our most gracious Sovereign's comparative estimate of Messrs. Whitehead and Warton, is here happily elucidated, from a circumstance highly honourable to his Majesty's taste; that, whereas he thought the former worthy of two places, he has given the latter only the worst of the two. Mr. Fauquier is made Secretary and Register to the order of the Bath, in room of the deceased Laureat.

Who, justly liberal to the task uncouth,
Learns from St. JAMES's bard historic truth.

Blest OXFORD! in whose bowers the Laureate sings!
O faithful to the worst, and best of Kings,
Firm to the Right Divine, of regal sway, 105

Though Heav'n and Thou long differ'd where it lay!
"Still of preferment be thy Sister Queen!"

Thy nobler zeal disdains a thought so mean;
Still in thy German Cousin's martial school,
Be each young hope of BRITAIN train'd to rule; 110

But thine are honours of distinguish'd grace,
Thou once a year shall view thy Sovereign's face,
While round him croud thy loyal sons, amaz'd,

To see him stare at tow'rs, by WYATT rais'd.
Yet fear not, OXFORD, lest a Monarch's smiles 115
Lure fickle WYATT from the unfinish'd piles;

To thee shall WYATT still be left in peace,
'Till ENGLISH ATHENS rival ancient Greece.
For him see CHAMBERS, greatly pretty, draw 120

Far other plans, than ever Grecian saw;
Where two trim dove-cotes rise on either hand,
O'er the proud roofs, whose front adorns the Strand;

NOTES.

Ver. 107. We suspect the whole of this passage in praise of his Majesty, has been retouched by Mr. Warton, as this line, or something very like it, occurs in his "Triumphs of Isis," a spirited poem, which is omitted, we know not why, in his publication of his works.

While,

While, thro' three gateways, like three key-holes spied,
A bowl inverted crowns the distant side.

But Music most great GEORGE's cares relieves, 125
Sage arbiter of minims, and of breves!
Yet not by him is living genius fed,
With taste more frugal he protects the dead;
Not all alike; for, though a Briton born,
He laughs all natal prejudice to scorn; 130
His nicer ear our barbarous masters pain,
Though PURCELL, our own Orpheus, swell the strain;
And mighty HANDEL, a gigantic name,
Owes to his country half his tuneful fame.

Nor of our souls neglectful, GEORGE provides, 135
To lead his flocks, his own Right Reverend guides;
Himself makes Bishops, and himself promotes,
Nor seeks to influence, tho' he gives their votes.

Then for a Prince so pious, so refin'd,
An air of HANDEL, or a psalm to grind, 140
Disdain not, BILLY: for his sovereign's sake
What pains did PAGET with his gamut take!
And to an Earl what rais'd the simple Peer?
What but that gamut, to his Sovereign dear?

IMITATIONS.

————— Pan curat oves, oviumque magistros.

Neu te poeniteat calamo trivisse labellum,
Hoc eadem ut sciret, quid non faciebat Amyntas?

O come,

O come, my BILLY. I have bought for you 145
 The barrel-organ of a strolling Jew ;
 Dying, he sold it me at second-hand :
 Sev'n stops it boasts, with barrels at command.
 How at my prize did envious UXBRIDGE fume,
 Just what he wish'd for his new music-room. 150
 Come, BILLY, come. Two wantons late I dodg'd,
 And mark'd the dangerous alley where they lodg'd.
 Fair as pearl-powder are their opening charms,
 In tender beauty fit for BILLY's arms ;
 And from the toilet blooming as they seem, 155
 Two cows would scarce supply them with cold cream.

The

IMITATIONS.

Est mihi disparibus septem compacta cicutis
 Fistula, Dametas dono mihi quam dedit olim,
 Ex dixit moriens, " te nunc habet ista secundum."
 Dixit Dametas: invidit stultus Amyntas.

Præterea, duo nec tutâ mihi valle reperti
 Capreoli, sparsis etiamnunc pellibus albo,
 Bina die ficcant ovis ubera; quos tibi servo.
 Jam pridem a me illos abducere Thestylis orat,
 Et faciat; quoniam sordent tibi munera nostra!

NOTES.

Ver. 149. Our readers, we trust, have already admired the several additions which our poet has made to the ideas of his great original. He has here given an equal proof of his judgment in a slight omission. When he converted Amyntas into Lord Uxbridge, with what striking propriety did he sink upon us the epithet of *stultus*, or *foolish*; for surely we cannot suppose that to be conveyed above in the term of *simple* peer.

Ver. 156. In the manuscript we find two lines which were struck out; possibly because our poet supposed they touched on a topic of praise,

not

The house, the name to BILLY will I show,
 Long has DUNDAS the secret wish'd to know,
 And he shall know: since services like these
 Have little pow'r our virtuous youth to please. 160

Come, BILLY, come. For you each rising day
 My maids, tho' tax'd, shall twine a huge bouquet:
 That you, next winter, at the birth-night ball
 In loyal splendor may out-dazzle all;
 Dear Mrs. ROSE her needle shall employ, 165
 To broider a fine waistcoat for my boy;
 In gay design shall blend with skilful toil,
 Gold, silver, spangles, crystals, beads, and foil,
 'Till the rich work in bright confusion show
 Flow'rs of all hues—and many more than blow. 170

I too, for something to present—some book
 Which BILLY wants, and I can spare—will look:

IMITATIONS.

Huc ades, O formosæ puer. Tibi lilia plenis
 Ecce ferunt nymphae calathis: tibi candida Nais
 Pallentes violas, & summa papavera carpens
 Narcissum et florem jungit bene olentis anethi.
 Tum cassia, atque aliis intexens suavis herbis
 Mollia luteola pingit vaccinia calthâ.
 Ipse ego cana legam tenerâ lanugine mala,

NOTES.

not likely to be very prevalent with Mr. PITT, notwithstanding what we
 have lately heard of his "Atlantean shoulders." They are as follows:
 Yet strong beyond the promise of their years,
 Each in one night would drain two grenadiers.

N

EDEN'S

EDEN's five letters, with an half-bound set
 Of pamphlet schemes to pay the public debt ;
 And pasted there, too thin to bind alone, 175
 My SHELBURNE's speech so gracious from the throne.
 COCKER's arithmetick my gift shall swell ;
 By JOHNSON how esteem'd, let BOSWELL tell.
 Take too these Treaties by DEBRETT ; and here
 Take to explain them, SALMON's Gazetteer. 180
 And you, Committee labours of DUNDAS,
 And you, his late dispatches to Madras,
 Bound up with BILLY's fav'rite act I'll send ;
 Together bound—for sweetly thus you blend.
 ROSE, you're a blockhead ! Let no factious scribe 185
 Hear such a thought, that BILLY heeds a bribe :
 Or grant th' Immaculate, not proof to self,
 Has STEELE a soul less liberal than yourself ?

IMITATIONS.

Castaneasque nuces, mea quas Amaryllis amabat :
Addam ceræa pruna ; honos erit huic quoque pomo.
Et vos, O lauri carpam, & te, proxima myrtus
Sic positæ, quoniam suaves miscetis odores.
Misticus es, Corydon ! neq. munera curat Alexis

NOTES.

Ver. 181. The orders of the Board of Controul, relative to the debts of the Nabob of Arcot, certainly *appear* diametrically opposite to Mr. Dundas's Reports, and to an express clause of Mr. Pitt's bill. Our author, however, like Mr. Pitt and Mr. Dundas, roundly asserts the consistency of the whole.

Zounds !

—Zounds! what a blunder! worse, than when I made
 A FRENCH Arrêt, the guard of BRITISH trade, 190
 Ah! foolish boy, whom fly you?—Once a week
 The KING from Windsor deigns these scenes to seek,
 Young GALLOWAY too is here, in waiting still.
 Our coasts let RICHMOND visit, if he will;
 There let him build, and garrison his forts, 195
 If such his whim:—Be our delight in courts.
 What various tastes divide the fickle town!
 One likes the fair, and one admires the brown;
 The stately, QUEENSB'RY; HINCHINBROOK, the small;
 THURLOW loves servant-maids; DUNDAS loves all, 200

IMITATIONS,

*Nec, si muneribus certes, concedat Iolas.
 Eheu! quid volui misero mihi? Floribus Austrum
 Perditus, et liquidis immisi fontibus apros.
 Quem fugis, ah! demens? habitârunt Dî quoque sylvæ,
 Dardaniusque Paris. Pallas, quas condidit, arces
 Ipse colat: Nobis placeant ante omnia sylvæ.
 Torva leena lupum sequitur, lupus ipse capellam,
 Florentem cytharum sequitur lasciva capella;
 Te Corydon, O Alexi; trahit suâ quemque voluptas,*

NOTES.

Ver. 189. This unfortunate slip of the Honourable Secretary's constitutional logic happened in a debate on the Irish Propositions. Among the many wild chimeras of faction on that memorable occasion, one objection was, that the produce of the French West-Indian Islands might be legally smuggled through Ireland into this country. To which Mr. Rose replied, "That we might repeal all our acts in perfect security, because the French King had lately issued an arrêt which would prevent this smuggling."

O'er MORNINGTON French prattle holds command;
 HASTINGS buys German phlegm at second-hand;
 The dancer's agile limbs win DORSET's choice;
 Whilst BRUDENELL dies enamour'd of a voice:
 'Tis PEMBROKE's dearest pleasure to elope, 205
 And BILLY, best of all things, loves—a trope;
 My BILLY I: to each his taste allow;
 Well said the dame, I ween, who kifs'd her cow,
 Lo! in the West the sun's broad orb display'd
 O'er the Queen's Palace, lengthens every shade; 210
 See the last loiterers now the Mall resign;
 E'en Poets go, that they may seem to dine;
 Yet, fasting, here I linger to complain.
 Ah! ROSE, GEORGE ROSE! what phrenzy fires your brain!
 With pointless paragraphs the POST runs wild; 215
 And FOX, a whole week long, is unrevil'd;

IMITATIONS.

Me tamen urit amor: quis enim modis adsit amor.

Aspice! aratra jugo referunt suspensa juvenci,

Et sol crescentes discendens duplicat umbras:

Ah! Corydon, Corydon, quæ te dementia cepit?

Semiputata tibi frondosa vitis in ulmo est,

NOTES.

Ver. 216. We flattered ourselves that this line might have enabled us to ascertain the precise time when this eclogue was written. We were, however, disappointed, as on examining the file of Morning Posts for 1784, we could not find a single week in which Mr. Fox is absolutely without some attack or other. We suppose therefore our author here speaks with the allowed latitude of poetry.

Our

Our vouchers lie half-vamp'd, and without end

Tax-bills on tax-bills rife to mend and mend.

These, or what more we need, some new deceit

Prepare to gull the Commons, when they meet.

220

Tho' scorn'd by BILLY, you ere long may find

Some other Minister, like LANSDOWNE kind.

He ceas'd, went home, ate, drank his fill, and then

Snor'd in his chair, 'till supper came at ten.

224

IMITATIONS.

Quin tu aliquid faltem, potius quorum indiget usus,

Viminibus, mollique paras detexere junco ?

Invenies alium, si te hic fastidit, Alexin.

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THE LYARS.

ARGUMENT.

THIS Eclogue is principally an Imitation of the third Bucolic of Virgil, which, as is observed by Dr. Joseph Warton, the Brother of our incomparable Laureat, is of that Species called Amœbœa, where the Characters introduced contend in alternate Verse; the second always endeavouring to surpass the first Speaker in an equal Number of Lines. As this was in point of time the first of our Author's Pastoral Attempts, he has taken rather more Latitude than he afterwards allowed himself in the rest, and has interspersed one or two occasional Imitations from other Eclogues of the Roman Poet.

T H E L Y A R S.

IN Downing-street, the breakfast duly set,
 As BANKS and PRETTYMAN one morn were met,
 A strife arising who could best supply,
 In urgent cases, a convenient lie;
 His skill superior each essay'd to prove 5
 In verse alternate—which the Muses love!
 While BILLY, list'ning to their tuneful plea,
 In silence sipp'd his *Commutation* Tea,
 And heard them boast, how loudly both had ly'd;
 The Priest began, the Layman thus reply'd! 10

PRETTYMAN.

Why wilt thou, BANKS, with me dispute the prize?
 Who is not cheated when a Parson lies?
 Since pious Christians, ev'ry Sabbath-day,
 Must needs believe whate'er the Clergy say!
 In spite of all you Laity can do, 15
 One lie from us is more than ten from you!

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 6. Amant alterna Camene.

Ver. 10. Hoc Corydon, illos referebat in ordine Thyrsas.

O

BANKS.

BANKS.

O witleſs lout! in lies that touch the ſtate,
 We, Country Gentlemen, have far more weight ;
 Fiction from us the public ſtill muſt gull:
 They think we're honeſt, as they know we're dull! 20

PRETTYMAN.

In yon Cathedral I a Prebend boaſt,
 The maiden bounty of our gracious hoſt!
 Its yearly profits I to thee reſign,
 If PITT pronounce not that the palm is mine!

BANKS.

A Borough mine, a pledge far dearer ſure, 25
 Which in St. Stephen's gives a ſeat ſecure!
 If PITT to PRETTYMAN the prize decree,
 Henceforth CORFE-CASTLE ſhall belong to thee!

PITT.

Begin the ſtrain—while in our eaſy chairs
 We loſt, forgetful of all public cares! 30
 Begin

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 29. Dicite—quandoquidem in molli confedimus herbâ.

NOTES.

Ver. 17. Our poet here ſeems to deviate from his general rule, by the introduction of a phraſe which appears rather adapted to the lower and leſs elevated ſtrain of paſtoral, than to the dialogue of perſons of ſuch diſtinguiſhed rank. It is, however, to be conſidered, that it is far from exceeding the bounds of poſſibility to ſuppoſe, that, in certain inſtances, the epithet

Begin the strain—nor shall I deem my time
Mis-pent, in hearing a debate in rhyme!

PRETTYMAN.

Father of lies! by whom in EDEN's shade
Mankind's first parents were to sin betray'd;
Lo! on this altar, which to thee I raise, 35
Twelve BIBLES, bound in red Morocco, blaze.

BANKS.

Blest pow'rs of falsehood, at whose shrine I bend,
Still may success your votary's lies attend!
What prouder victims can your altars boast,
Than honour stain'd, and fame for ever lost? 40

PRETTYMAN.

How smooth, persuasive, plausible, and glib,
From holy lips is dropp'd the specious fib!
Which whisper'd slyly, in its dark career
Assails with art the unsuspecting ear.

BANKS.

How clear, convincing, eloquent, and bold, 45
The bare-fac'd lie, with manly courage told!
Which, spoke in public, falls with greater force,
And heard by hundreds, is believ'd of course,

epithet of "Witless," and the coarse designation of "Lout," may be as applicable to a dignitary of the church, as to the most ignorant and illiterate rustic.

PRETTYMAN.

Search through each office for the basest tool
 Rear'd in JACK ROBINSON's abandon'd school ; 50
 ROSE, beyond all the sons of dulnefs, dull,
 Whose legs are scarcely thicker than his scull ;
 Not ROSE, from all restraints of conscience free,
 In double-dealing is a match for me.

BANKS.

Step from St. Stephen's up to Leadenhall, 55
 Where Europe's crimes appear no crimes at all ;
 Not Major SCOTT, with bright pagodas paid,
 That wholesale dealer in the lying trade ;
 Not he, howe'er important his design,
 Can lie with impudence surpassing mine. 60

PRETTYMAN.

Sooner the afs in fields of air shall graze,
 Or WARTON's Odes with justice claim the bays ;

IMITATIONS.

V. 61. Ante leves ergo pascuntur in æthere cervi
 Et freta destitunt nudos in litore pisces.

NOTES.

Ver. 61. The truth of this line must be felt by all who have read the lyrical effusions of Mr. Warton's competitors, whose odes were some time since published by Sir John Hawkins, Knight. The present passage must be understood in reference to those, and not to the Laureat's general talents.

Sooner

Sooner shall mackrel on the plains disport,
 Or MULGRAVE's hearers think his speech too short;
 Sooner shall sense escape the prattling lips 65
 Of Captain CHARLES, or COL'NEL HENRY, PHIPPS;
 Sooner shall CAMPBELL mend his phrase uncouth,
 Than Doctor PRETTYMAN shall speak the truth!

BANKS.

When FOX and SHERIDAN for fools shall pass,
 And JEMMY LUTTRELL not be thought an ass; 70
 When all their audience shall enraptur'd sit
 With MAWBEY's eloquence, and MARTIN's wit;
 When fiery KENYON shall with temper speak,
 When modest blushes dye DUNDAS's cheek;
 Then, only then, in PITT's behalf will I 75
 Refuse to pledge my honour to a lie.

PRETTYMAN.

While in suspense our Irish project hung,
 A well-framed fiction from this fruitful tongue
 Bade the vain terrors of the City cease,
 And lull'd the Manufacturers to peace: 80
 The tale was told with so demure an air,
 Not wary Commerce could escape the snare.

BANKS.

When Secret Influence expiring lay,
 And Whigs triumphant hail'd th' auspicious day,
 I bore

I bore that faithless message to the House, 85
By PITT contriv'd the gaping 'squires to chouse;
That deed, I ween, demands superior thanks:
The British Commons were the dupes of BANKS.

PRETTYMAN.

Say in what regions are those fathers found,
For deep-dissembling policy renown'd; 90
Whose subtle precepts for perverting truth,
To quick perfection train'd our patron's youth,
And taught him all the mystery of lies?
Resolve me this, and I resign the prize.

BANKS.

Say what that mineral, brought from distant climes, 95
Which screens delinquents, and absolves their crimes;

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 89. *Dic quibus in terris, &c.*

NOTES.

Ver. 85. The ingenious and sagacious gentlemen, who, at the period of the glorious revolution of 1784, held frequent meetings at the Saint Alban's Tavern, for the purpose of bringing about an union that might have prevented the dissolution of Parliament; which meetings afforded time to one of the members of the proposed union to concert means throughout every part of the kingdom, for ensuring the success of that salutary and constitutional measure which, through his friend Mr. B——ks, he had solemnly pledged himself not to adopt. How truly does this conduct mark "the statesman born!"

————— *Dolus an virtus, quis in hoste requirit?*

Whose

Whose dazzling rays confound the space between
A tainted strumpet and a spotless Queen ;
Which Asia's Princes give, which Europe's take ;
Tell this, dear Doctor, and I yield the stake. 100

PITT.

Enough, my friends—break off your tuneful sport,
'Tis levee day, and I must dress for Court ;
Which hath more boldly or expertly lied,
Not mine th' important contest to decide.
Take thou this MITRE, Doctor, which before 105
A greater hypocrite sure never wore ;
And if to services rewards be due,
Dear BANKS, this CORONET belongs to you :
Each from that Government deserves a prize,
Which thrives by shuffling, and subsists by lies. 110

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 104. Non nostrum inter vos tantas componere lites.

Ver. 105. Et vitulâ tu dignus & hic.

NOTES.

Ver. 98. It must be acknowledged that there is some obscurity in this passage, as well as in the following line,

“ Which Asia's princes give, which Europe's take : ”

and of this certain seditious, malevolent, disaffected critics have taken advantage, and have endeavoured, by a forced construction, to discover in them an unwarrantable insinuation against the highest and most sacred characters ; from which infamous imputation, however, we trust, the well-known and acknowledged loyalty of our author's principles will sufficiently protect him.

MARGARET

MARGARET NICHOLSON.

ARGUMENT.

Mr. WILKES and Lord HAWKESBURY alternately congratulate each other on his Majesty's late happy escape. The one describes the joy which pervades the country: the other sings the dangers from which our constitution has been preserved. Though in the following Eclogue our author has not selected any single one of Virgil for a close and exact parody, he seems to have had his eye principally upon the Vth, or the DAPHNIS, which contains the Elegy and APOTHEOSIS of Julius Cæsar.

MARGARET NICHOLSON.

THE Session up: the INDIA-BENCH appeas'd,
 The LANSDOWNES satisfied, the LOWTHERS pleas'd,
 Each job dispatch'd:—the treasury boys depart,
 As various fancy prompts each youthful heart
 PITT, in chaste kisses seeking virtuous joy, 5
 Begs Lady CHATHAM's blessing on her boy;
 While MORNINGTON, as vicious as he can,
 To fair R—L—N in vain affects the man:
 With Lordy BUCKINGHAM retir'd at STOWE,
 GRENVILLE, whose plodding brains no respite know, 10
 To prove next year, how our finances thrive,
 Schemes new reports, that two and two make five.
 To plans of Eastern justice hies DUNDAS;
 And comely VILLIARS to his votive glass;
 To embryo tax-bills ROSE; to dalliance STEELE; 15
 And hungry hirelings to their hard-earn'd meal.

A faithful pair, in mutual friendship tied,
 Once keen in hate, as now in love allied,
 (This, o'er admiring mobs in triumph rode,
 Libell'd his Monarch, and blasphem'd his God; 20

That, the mean drudge of tyranny and BUTE,
 At once his practis'd pimp and prostitute)
 Adfcombe's proud roof receives, whose dark recess
 And empty vaults, its owner's mind exprefs,
 While block'd-up windows to the world display 25
 How much he loves a tax, how much invites the day.

Here the dire chance that god-like GEORGE befel,
 How sick in fpirit, yet in health how well ;
 What Mayors by dozens, at the tale affrighted,
 Got drunk, addrefs'd, got laugh'd at, and got knighted ; 30
 They read, with mingled horror and furprife,
 In London's pure Gazette, that never lies.
 Ye Tory bands, who taught by confcious fears,
 Have wifely check'd your tongues, and fav'd your ears,—
 Hear, ere hard fate forbids—what heav'nly ftrains 35
 Flow'd from the lips of thefe melodious fwains :
 Alternate was the fong ; but firft began,
 With hands uplifted, the regenerate man.

WILKES.

Blefs'd be the beef-fed guard, whole vigorous twift
 Wrench'd the rais'd weapon from the murderer's fift, 40
 Him, Lords in waiting fhall with awe behold
 In red tremendous, and hirsute in gold.

On him, great monarch, let thy bounty fhine,
 What meed can match a life fo dear as thine ?

Well

Well was that bounty measured, all must own, 45
That gave him *half* of what he saved—a crown.

Bless'd the dull edge, for treason's views unfit,
Harmless as SYDNEY's rage, or BEARCROFT's wit.
Blush, clumsy patriots, for degenerate zeal,
WILKES had not guided thus the faithless steel! 50

Round your sad mistress flock, ye maids elect,
Whose charms severe your chastity protect;
Scar'd by whose glance, despairing love descries,
That virtue steals no triumph from your eyes.

Round your bold master flock, ye mitred hive, 55
With anathems on Whigs his soul revive!
Saints! whom the sight of human blood appals,
Save when to please the Royal will it falls.

He breathes! he lives! the vestal choir advance,
Each takes a Bishop, and leads up the dance, 60
Nor dreads to break her long-respected vow,
For chaste—ah strange to tell!—are bishops now:

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 59. Ergo alacris sylvas & cetera rura voluptas,
Panaque pastoresque tenet, Dryadasque puellas.

Ver. 61. Nec lupus insidias pecori, &c.

NOTES.

Ver. 46. *half*———*a crown*! Literally so.

Saturnian

Saturnian times return!—the age of truth,
 And—long foretold—is come, the Virgin Youth.
 Now sage professors, for their learning's curse, 65
 Die of their duty in remorseless verse:
 Now sentimental Aldermen expire
 In prose, half flaming with the Muse's fire;
 Their's—while rich dainties swim on every plate,
 Their's the glad toil to feast for Britain's fate; 70
 Nor mean the gift the Royal grace affords,
 All shall be knights—but those that shall be lords.
 Fountain of Honour, that art never dry,
 Touch'd with whose drops of grace no thief can die,
 Still with new titles soak the delug'd land, 75
 Still may we all be safe from KETCH's menac'd hand!

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 63. Jam redit et Virgo, redeunt Saturnia regna.

NOTES.

Ver. 63, 64. It is remarkable that these are the only lines which our Poet has imitated from the IVth Eclogue (or the Pollio) of Virgil. Perhaps the direct and obvious application of that whole Eclogue appeared to our author to be an undertaking too easy for the exercise of his superior talents; or perhaps he felt himself too well anticipated by a similar imitation of Pope's Messiah, which was inserted some time since in one of the public papers. If the author will favour us with a corrected copy, adapted rather to the Pollio than the Messiah, we shall be happy to give it a place in our subsequent editions, of which we doubt not the good taste of the town will demand as many as of the rest of our celebrated bard's immortal compositions.

JENKINSON.

JENKINSON.

Oh wond'rous man, with a more wond'rous Muse !
 O'er my lank limbs thy strains a sleep diffuse,
 Sweet as when PITT with words disdaining end,
 Toils to explain, yet scorns to comprehend. 80
 Ah ! whither had we fled, had that foul day
 Torn him untimely from our arms away ?
 What ills had mark'd the age, had that dire thrust
 Pierc'd his soft heart, and bow'd his bob to dust ?
 Gods ! to my labouring fight what phantoms rise ! 85
 Here Juries triumph, and there droops Excise !
 Fierce from defeat, and with collected might,
 The low-born Commons claim the people's right :
 And mad for freedom, vainly deem'd their own,
 Their eye presumptuous dares to scan the throne. 90
 See—in the general wreck that smothers all,
 Just ripe for justice—see my HASTINGS fall.
 Lo, the dear Major meets a rude repulse,
 Though blazing in each hand he bears a BULSE ;
 Nor Ministers attend, nor Kings relent, 95
 Though rich Nabobs so splendidly repent.
 See EDEN's faith expos'd to sale again,
 Who takes his plate, and learns his French in vain.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 78. Tale tuum carmen nobis, divine Poeta,
 Quale sopor fessis in gramine.

See

See countless eggs for us obscure the sky,
 Each blanket trembles, and each pump is dry. 100
 Far from good things DUNDAS is sent to roam,
 Ah!—worse than banish'd,—doom'd to live at home.
 Hence dire illusions! dismal scenes away—
 Again he cries, “What, what!” and all is gay.
 Come, BRUNSWICK, come, great King of loaves and fishes,
 Be bounteous still to grant us all our wishes! 106
 Twice every year with BEAUFOY as we dine,
 Pour'd to the brim—eternal George—be thine
 Two foaming cups of his nectareous juice,
 Which—new to gods,—no mortal vines produce. 110
 To us shall BRUDENELL sing his choicest airs,
 And cap'ring MULGRAVE ape the grace of bears;
 A grand thanksgiving pious YORK compose,
 In all the proud parade of pulpit prose;
 For sure Omniscience will delight to hear,
 Thou 'scapest a danger, that was never near. 115
 While ductile PITT thy whisper'd wish obeys,
 While dupes believe whate'er the Doctor says,

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 106. *Sis bonus; O! felixque tuis—*

Ver. 107. *Pocula bina novo spumantia lacte quot—annis
 Craterasque duo statuam tibi.*

Ver. 109. *Vina novum fundum calathis Arvisia nectar.*

Ver. 114. *Cantabunt mihi Dametas et Licinus Egon,
 Saltantes Satyros imitabitur Alphæfibæus,*

While panting to be tax'd, the famish'd poor
 Grow to their chains, and only beg for more; 120
 While fortunate in ill, thy servants find
 No snares too slight to catch the vulgar mind:
 Fix'd as the doom, thy power shall still remain,
 And thou, wise King, as uncontroll'd shalt reign.

WILKES.

Thanks, *Jenky*, thanks, for ever could'st thou sing, 125
 For ever could I fit, and hear thee praise the King.
 Then take this book, which with a Patriot's pride,
 Once to his sacred warrant I deny'd,
 Fond though he was of reading all I wrote:
 No gift can better suit thy tuneful throat. 130

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 121. Dum juga montis aper, &c.

Semper honos, nomenque tuum, laudeſque manebunt.

Ver. 130 At tu fume pedum, quod cum me ſæpe rogaret

Non tulit Antigænes, et erat tum dignus amari.

NOTES.

Ver. 119. The public alarm expreſſed upon the event which is the ſub-
 ject of this Paſtoral, was certainly a very proper token of affection to a
 Monarch, every action of whoſe reign denotes him to be the father of
 his people. Whether it has ſufficiently ſubſided to admit of a calm en-
 quiry into facts, is a matter of ſome doubt, as the addreſſes were not
 finiſhed in ſome late Gazettes. If ever that time ſhould arrive, the
 world will be very well pleaſed to hear that the miſerable woman whom
 the Privy Council have judiciously confined in Bedlam for her life, never
 even aimed a blow at his Auguſt Perſon.

Ver. 127. *This Book*, &c. Eſſay on Woman.

CHARLES

Q

JENKINSON.

JENKINSON.
And thou this Scottish pipe, which JAMIE's breaths
Inspir'd when living, and bequeath'd in death,
From lips unhallow'd I've preserv'd it long;
Take the just tribute of thy loyal song.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 134. Est mihi—
Fistula, Damasas dono mihi quam dedit olim,
Et dixit moriens, "Te nunc habet ista secundum." Ecl. II.

NOTES.

Ver. 130. *No gift can better suit thy*—*throat.* The ungrateful people of England, we have too much reason to fear, may be of a different opinion.

IMITATIONS.

NOTES.

ARGUMENT

THE following is a very able Translation of VIRGIL'S
SILVUS: for as much as many readers may be fur-
nished with a Translation from our author, it is not

thought the ancient. But we are to consider VIR-

CHARLES JENKINSON.

Translation, who was not a poet, but a philosopher, and

imposed, that VIRGIL in his SILVUS was not

and being like many to think to the pleasure of the people

to be, and consequently that it became his duty to advise

with respect to his Original, and to convey the same meaning

of this different manner of Language.

ARGUMENT.

THE following is a very close Translation of VIRGIL's SILENUS; so close indeed that many readers may be surprised at such a deviation from our author's usual mode of imitating the ancients. But we are to consider that VIRGIL is revered by his Countrymen, not only as a Poet, but likewise as a prophet and magician; and our incomparable Translator, who was not ignorant of this circumstance, was convinced, that VIRGIL in his SILENUS had really and bonâ fide meant to allude to the Wonders of the present Reign, and consequently that it became his Duty to adhere most strictly to his Original, and to convey the true Meaning of this hitherto inexplicable Eclogue.

CHARLES JENKINSON.

MINE was the Muse, that from a Norman scroll
 First rais'd to fame the barbarous worth of **ROLLE**,
 And dar'd on **DEVON**'s hero to dispense
 The gifts of Language, Poetry, and Sense.
 In proud Pindarics next my skill I try'd, 5
 But **SALISB'RY** wav'd his wand and check'd my pride:
 " Write English, friend, (he cry'd) be plain, and flatter,
 " Nor thus confound your compliment and satire.
 " Even I, a critic by the King's command,
 " Find these here Odes damn'd hard to understand." 10
 Now then, O deathless theme of **WARTON**'s Muse,
 Oh great in War! Oh glorious at Reviews!

IMITATIONS.

- Ver. 1. Prima Syracôsis dignata est ludere versu,
 Nostra, nec erubuit sylvas habitare Thalia,
 Cum canerem reges & prœlia, Cynthius aurem
 Vellit, & admonuit, &c. &c.
- Ver. 11. Nunc ego, (namque super tibi erunt qui dicere laudes
 Vare, tuus cupiant, & tristia condere bella)
 Sylvestrem tenui meditabor arundine musam,

While

While many a rival, anxious for the bays,
 Pursues thy virtues with relentless praise ;
 While at thy levee smiling crouds appear, 15
 Blest that thy birth-day happens once a year :
 Like good SIR CECIL, I to woods retire,
 And write plain eclogues o'er my parlour fire.
 Yet still for thee my loyal verse shall flow,
 Still, shou'd it please, to thee its charms shall owe ; 20
 And well I ween, to each succeeding age,
 Thy name shall guard and consecrate my page.
 Begin my Muse !—As WILBERFORCE and BANKS,
 Late in the Lobby, play'd their usual pranks ;
 Within a water-closet's niche immur'd 25
 (Oh that the treacherous door was unsecur'd !)
 His wig awry, his papers on the ground,
 Drunk, and asleep, CHARLES JENKINSON they found. 30
 Transported at the sight, (for oft of late
 At PITT's assembled on affairs of state,
 They both had press'd him, but could ne'er prevail,
 To sing a merry song or tell a tale)

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 18. ——— Si quis tamen hæc quoque, si quis
 Captus amore leget, te nostræ, Vare, myricæ
 Te nemus omne canet, &c.

Ver. 23. ——— Chromis & Mnasyllus in autro
 Silenum pueri somno videre jacentem.

Ver. 29. Aggressi, nam sæpe senex spe carminis ambo
 Luserat, injiciunt ex ipsis vincula fertis.

In rush th' advent'rous youths:—they seize, they bind,
 Make fast his legs, and tie his hands behind,
 Then scream for help; and instant to their aid 35
 POMONA flies, POMONA, lovely maid;
 Or maid, or goddess, sent us from above,
 To bless young Senators with fruit and love,
 Then thus the sage—"Why these unseemly bands?"
 "Untie my legs, dear boys, and loose my hands; 40
 "The promis'd tale be yours: a tale to you;
 "To fair POMONA different gifts are due."
 Now all things haste to hear the master talk:
 Here Fawns and Satyrs from the Bird-cage-walk,

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 35. Addit se sociam timidisque supervenit Ægie,
 Ægie Naiadum pulcherrima.

Ver. 39. ——— Quid vincula nescitis? inquit,
 Solvite me pueri—
 Carmina quæ vultis cognoscite, carmina vobis;
 Huic aliud mercedis erit.

Ver. 43. Tum vero in numerum faunosque ferasque videres,
 Ludere, tum rigidas motare cacumina quercus.

NOTES.

Ver. 42. *To fair Pomona, &c.*] We are sorry to inform our readers, that the promise which Mr. Jenkinson here intimates in favour of the lady was, we fear, but the promise of a courtier. Truth obliges us to declare, that having taken some pains to enquire into the facts, we were assured by the lady herself, that she never received any other gift, present, or compliment whatever from Mr. Jenkinson.

Here

Here Centaur KENYON, and the Sylvan sage, 43
 Whom BOWOOD guards to rule a purer age,
 Here T——w, B——r, H——n appear,
 With many a minor savage in their rear,
 Panting for treasons, riots, gibbets, blocks,
 To strangle NORTH, to scalp and eat CHARLES FOX. 50
 There H——'s sober band in silence wait,
 Inur'd to sleep, and patient of debate;
 Firm in their ranks, each rooted to his chair
 They sit, and wave their wooden heads in air.
 Less mute the rocks while tuneful Phœbus sung, 55
 Less sage the critic brutes round Orpheus hung;
 For true and pleasant were the tales he told,
 His theme great GEORGE's age, the age of gold.
 Ere GEORGE appear'd a Briton born and bred,
 One general Chaos all the land o'erspread: 60
 There lurking seeds of adverse factions lay,
 Which warm'd and nurtur'd by his dawning ray,

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 55. Nec tantum Phœbo gaudet Parnassia rupes,
 Nec tantum Rhodope miratur et Ismarus Orpheus.

Ver. 57. Namque caneat, uti magnum per inane coacta,
 Semina terrarumque animæque marisque fuissent,
 Et liquidi simul ignis: Ut his exordia primis
 Omnia, & ipse tener mundi concreverit orbis.

Ver. 62. Incipiant sylvæ cum primum surgere——
 Jamque novum ut terræ stupeant lucescere solem.

Sprang into life. Then first began to thrive
 The tender shoots of young Prerogative ;
 Then spread luxuriant, when unclouded shone 65
 The full meridian splendour of the throne.
 Yet was the Court a solitary waste ;
 Twelve lords alone the Royal chamber grac'd !
 When BUTE, the good DEUCALION of the reign
 To gracious BRUNSWICK pray'd, nor pray'd in vain. 70
 For straight (oh goodness of the royal mind !)
 Eight blocks, to dust and rubbish long confin'd,
 Now wak'd by mandate from their trance of years,
 Grew living creatures, just like other Peers.
 Nor here his kindness ends—From wild debate 75
 And factious rage he guards his infant state.
 Resolv'd alone his empire's toils to bear,
 " Be all men dull !" he cry'd, and dull they were.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 68. _____ Cumque

Rara per ignotos errent animalia montes.

Ver. 69. Hinc lapides Pyrrhæ jactos _____

Ver. 78. _____ Saturnia regna,

NOTES.

Ver. 68. Our Poet, for so careful a student of the Court Calendar, as he must certainly be, is a little inaccurate here. The Lords of the Bed-chamber were in truth thirteen, and seven only were added. The numbers in the text were probably preserved as more euphonious.

R

Then

Then sense was treason;—then with bloody claw
Exulting soar'd the vultures of the law : 80

Then ruffians robb'd by ministerial writ,
And GRENVILLE plunder'd realms of useless wit,
While mobs got drunk 'till learning should revive,
And loudly bawl'd for WILKES and Forty-five.

Next to WILL PITT he past, so sage, so young, 85
So cas'd with wisdom, and so arm'd with tongue ;
His breast with every royal virtue full,
Yet strange to tell, the minion of JOHN BULL.
Prepost'rous passion! say, what fiend possessest,
Misguided youth, what phrenzy fir'd thy breast? 90

'Tis true, in Senates, many a hopeful lad
Has rav'd in metaphor, and run stark mad ;
His friend, the heir-apparent of MONTROSE,
Feels for his beak, and starts to find a nose ;
Yet at these times preserve the little share 95
Of sense and thought intrusted to their care ;

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 81. Captaeasque refert volucres,

Ver. 82. ——— Furtumque Promethei,

Ver. 84. ——— Hylan nautæ quo fonte relictum,
Clamassent ut littus Hyla, Hyla, omne sonaret,

Ver. 88. Pasiphaen nivei solatur amore juveni.

Ver. 89. Ah virgo infelix quæ te dementia cepit?

Ver. 93. Prætides implierunt falsis mugitibus agros.

Ver. 96. Et sæpe in lævi quæssissent cornua fronte,
At non, &c.

While

While thou with ceaseless folly, endless labour,
 Now coaxing JOHN, now flirting with his neighbour
 Hast seen thy lover from his bonds set free,
 Damning the shop-tax, and himself, and thee. 10

Now good MACPHERSON, whose prolific muse
 Begets false tongues, false heroes, and false news,
 Now frame new lies, now scrutinize thy brain,
 And bring th' inconstant to these arms again!
 Next of the Yankeys' fraud the master told, 105
 And GRENVILLE's fondness for Hesperian gold;

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 99. Ille latus niveum, &c.

Ver. 101. ——— Claudite nymphæ
 Dictæ nymphæ, nemorum jam claudite saltus,
 Si quæ forte ferant oculis sese obvia nostris,
 Errabunda bovis vestigia.

Ver. 106. Tum canit Hesperidum miratam mala puellam.

NOTES.

Ver. 101. *Good Macpherson, &c.*] This ingenious gentleman, who first signalized himself by a bombast translation of poems which never existed, is now said occasionally to indulge his native genius for fiction in paragraphs of poetical prose for some of our daily papers.

Ver. 106. *Hesperian gold.*] The American revenue, which the late Mr. Grenville was to have raised by his celebrated Stamp Act. Mr. Jenkinson, who was himself the author of that act, here delicately touches on the true origin of the American war; a measure in which, however unsuccessful, we doubt not, he will ever be ready to glory.

And GRENVILLE's friends conspicuous from afar,
In mossy down incas'd, and bitter tar.

SIR CECIL next adorn'd the pompous song,
Led by his CÆLIA through th' admiring throng, 110
All CÆLIA's sisters hail'd the prince of bards,
Reforming sailors bow'd, and patriot guards :
While thus SIR JOSEPH (his stupendous head
Crown'd with green-groc'ry, and with flow'rs o'erspread)
From the high hustings spoke—" This pipe be thine, 115
" This pipe, the fav'rite present of the Nine,
" On which WILL WHITEHEAD play'd those powerful
" airs,
" Which to ST. JAMES's drew reluctant May'rs,

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 108. Tum Phaetontidas musco circumdat amara
Corticis, atque solo proceras erigit.

Ver. 109. Tum canit errantem—Gallum,
Aonas in montes ut duxerit una sororum,
Utque viro Phoebi chorus assurrexerit omnis ;
Ut Linus hæc illi divino carmine pastor
Floribus, atque apio crines ornatus amaro,
Dixerit; hos tibi dant calamos, en accipe, musæ,
Ascraeo quos ante seni, quibus ille solebat
Cantando rigidas deducere montibus ornos, &c. &c. &c.

NOTES.

Ver. 110. SIR CECIL's poems to Cælia are well known ; and we are persuaded will live to preserve the fame of his talents, when his admirable letter to the Scottish reformers, and his pamphlet on the Westminster Election, shall be forgotten.

And

" And forc'd stiff-jointed Aldermen to bend;
 " Sing thou on this thy SAL'SBURY, sing thy friend; 120
 " Long may he live in thy protecting strains,
 " And HATFIELD vie with TEMPE's fabled plains?"
 Why should I tell th' election's horrid tale,
 That scene of libels, riots, blood, and ale?
 There of SAM HOUSE the horrid form appeared; 125
 Round his white apron howling monsters reared
 Their angry clubs; mid broken heads they polled,
 And HOOD's best sailors in the kennel rolled!
 Ah! why MAHON's disastrous fate record?
 Alas! how fear can change the fiercest lord! 130
 See the sad sequel of the grocers' treat—
 Behold him darting up St. James's-street,
 Pelted, and scared, by BROOKE's hellish-sprites,
 And vainly fluttering round the door of WHITE's!
 All this, and more he told, and every word 135
 With silent awe th' attentive striplings heard,
 When, bursting on their ears, stern PEARSON's note
 Proclaim'd the question put, and called them forth to vote.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 127. Quid loquar—Scyllum quam fama secuta est
 Candida succinctam latrantibus inguina monstros
 —————gurgite in alto
 Ah timidos nautas canibus lacerasse marinis.

Ver. 132. Aut ut mutatos Terei norraverit artus:
 Quas illi Philomela dapes, quæ dona paravit,
 Quo cursu deferta petiverit, & quibus ante
 Infelix sua tecta supervolitæ erit alis.

JEKYLL.

CHAPTER I

The first thing I noticed when I stepped out of the train was the cold. It was a sharp, biting cold that seemed to penetrate my coat. I shivered as I walked towards the station entrance, my hands tucked into my pockets. The air was thick with the scent of coal and the distant hum of machinery. I had heard that the city was a place of contrasts, a place where the old and the new coexisted in a delicate balance. But now, standing here, I felt like I had stepped into a different world altogether. The streets were wide and paved with cobblestones, but the buildings were a mix of old stone structures and newer, more imposing edifices. The people I saw were dressed in a variety of styles, from traditional long coats to more modern, tailored suits. I felt a sense of curiosity and a little bit of apprehension. This was my first time in a new place, and I was unsure of what to expect. The station was a hub of activity, with people coming and going, carrying their belongings and looking in different directions. I followed the signs and made my way through the crowds, feeling a bit lost at times. The architecture was fascinating, with its intricate details and grand scale. I could see the city stretching out before me, a mix of old and new, a place of endless possibilities. I took a deep breath and felt a sense of adventure. This was my chance to explore, to discover, and to experience something new. I was ready for whatever came my way.

As I walked further into the city, I noticed the architecture changing. The old stone buildings gave way to more modern structures, but they were still connected by a common thread of history. The streets were clean and well-maintained, and the people seemed to have a sense of pride in their city. I saw a few parks and public squares, places where people gathered and enjoyed the outdoors. The air was still cold, but there was a sense of warmth in the city. I felt like I had found a place that was both familiar and new at the same time. I was beginning to understand why this city was so famous. It was a place of contrasts, a place where the old and the new coexisted in a delicate balance. I was ready to embrace it all.

J E K Y L L.

J E K Y L I

III

J E K Y L L.

 miserabile Carmen

Integrat, & mæstis latè loca questibus implet.—VIRGIL.

JEKYLL, the wag of law, the scribbler's pride,
 Calne to the senate sent—when TOWNSHEND died.
 So LANSDOWNE will'd :—the old hoarse rook at rest,
 A jackdaw-phoenix chatters from his nest.
 Statesman, and lawyer now, with clashing cares, 5
 Th' important youth roams thro' the Temple squares ;
 Yet stays his step, where, with congenial play,
 The well-known fountain babbles day by day :
 The little fountain !—whose restricted course,
 In low, faint essays owns its shallow source. 10
 There, to the tinkling jet he tun'd his tongue, [sung.
 While LANSDOWNE's fame, and LANSDOWNE's fall, he
 “ Where were our friends, when the remorseless crew
 “ Of felon Whigs—great LANSDOWNE's pow'r o'erthrew ?
 “ For neither then, within St. Stephen's wall 15
 “ Obedient WESTCOTE hail'd the Treasury-call ;
 “ Nor treachery then had branded EDEN's fame,
 “ Or taught mankind the miscreant MINCHIN's name.

S

“ Joyful

- " Joyful no more (tho' TOMMY spoke so long) [tongue.
 " Was high-born HOWARD's cry, or POWNEY's prattling
 " Vain was thy roar, MAHON!—tho' loud and deep; 21
 " Not our own GILBERT could be rous'd from sleep.
 " No bargain yet the tribe of PHIPPS had made: [aid;
 " LANSDOWNE! you fought in vain ev'n MULGRAVE's
 " MULGRAVE—at whose harsh scream, in wild surprise, 25
 " The *speechless* Speaker lifts his drowsy eyes.
 " Ah! hapless day! still, as thy hours return,
 " Let Jesuits, Jews, and sad Dissenters mourn!
 " Each quack and sympathizing juggler groan,
 " While bankrupt brokers echo moan for moan. 30
 " Oh! much-lov'd peer!—my patron!—model!—friend!
 " How does thy alter'd state my bosom rend.
 " Alas! the ways of courts are strange and dark!
 " PITT scarce would make thee now—a Treasury-clerk!"
 Stung with the maddening thought, his griefs, his fears
 Dissolve the plaintive councillor in tears. 36
 " How oft," he cries, " has wretched LANSDOWNE said;
 " *Curs'd be the toilsome hours by statesmen led!*
 " *Oh! had kind heaven ordain'd my bungler fate*
 " *A country gentleman's—of small estate—* 40
 " *With Price and Priestley, in some distant grove,*
 " *Blest I had led the lowly life I love.*
 " *Thou, Price! had deign'd to calculate my flocks!*
 " *Thou, Priestley! sav'd them from the lightning shocks!*
 " Unknown

" *Unknown the storms and tempests of the state—* 45
 " *Unfelt the mean ambition to be great ;—*
 " *In Bowood's shade had passed my peaceful days,*
 " *Far from the town and its delusive ways ;*
 " *The crystal brook my bev'rage—and my food*
 " *Hips, cornels, haws, and berries of the wood."* 50
 " Blest peer ! eternal wreaths adorn thy brow !
 " Thou CINCINNATUS of the British plough !
 " But rouse again thy talents and thy zeal !
 " Thy Sovereign, sure, must with thee *Privy-seal*.
 " Or, what if from the seals thou art debarr'd ? 55
 " CHANDOS, at least, he might for *thee* discard.
 " Come, LANSDOWNE ! come—thy life, no more thy own,
 " Oh ! brave again the smoke and noise of town :
 " For Britain's sake, the weight of greatness bear,
 " And suffer honors thou art doom'd to wear." 60
 To *thee* her Princes, lo ! where India sends !
 All BENFIELD's here—and there all HASTINGS' friends ;
 MACPHERSON—WRAXALL—SULLIVAN—behold !
 CALL,—BARWELL—MIDDLETON—with heaps of gold !
 Rajahs—Nabobs—from Oude—Tanjore—Arcot— 65
 And see !—(nor, oh ! disdain him !) MAJOR SCOTT.
 Ah ! give the Major but one gracious nod :
 Ev'n PITT himself once deign'd to court the squad.
 " Oh ! be it *theirs*, with more than patriot heat,
 " To snatch thy virtues from their lov'd retreat ; 70
 " Drag

" Drag thee reluctant to the haunts of men,

" And make thee minister—Oh! God!—but when!"

Thus mourn'd the youth—'till, sunk in pensive grief,

He woo'd his handkerchief for soft relief.

In either pocket either hand he threw; 75

When, lo!—from each, a precious tablet flew.

This,—his sage patron's wond'rous speech on trade:

This,—his own book of sarcasms ready made.

Tremendous book!—thou motley magazine

Of stale severities, and pilfer'd spleen! 80

O! rich in ill!--within thy leaves entwin'd,

What glittering adders lurk to sting the mind.

Satire's *Museum*!--with SIR ASHTON'S lore,

The naturalist of malice eyes thy store:

Ranging, with fell Virtù, his poisonous tribes 85

Of embryo sneers, and anamalcule gibes.

Here insect puns their feeble wings expand

To speed, in little flights, their lord's command:

There, in their paper chrysalis, he sees

Specks of bon mots, and eggs of repartees. 90

In modern spirits ancient wit he sleeps;

If not its glofs, the reptile's venom keeps:

Thy quaintness, DUNNING! but without thy sense;

And just enough of B——t, for offence.

On these lov'd leaves a transient glance he threw: 95

But weightier themes his anxious thoughts pursue.

Deep

Deep senatorial pomp intent to reach,
 With ardent eyes he hangs o'er LANSDOWNE's speech.
 Then, loud the youth proclaims the enchanting words
 That charm'd the "noble natures" of the lords. 100

" *Lost and obscur'd in Bowood's humble bow'r,*
 " *No party tool---no candidate for pow'r---*
 " *I come, my lords! an hermit from my cell,*
 " *A few blunt truths in my plain style to tell.*
 " *Highly I praise your late commercial plan;* 105
 " *Kingdoms should all unite---like man and man.*
 " *The French love peace---ambition they detest;*
 " *But Cherburg's frightful works deny me rest.*
 " *With joy I see new wealth for Britain shipp'd.*
 " *Lisbon's a froward child, and should be whipp'd.* 110
 " *Yet Portugal's our old and best ally,*
 " *And Gallic faith is but a slender tie.*
 " *My lords! the manufacturer's a fool;*
 " *The clothier, too, knows nothing about wool;*
 " *Their interests still demand our constant care;* 115
 " *Their griefs are mine---their fears are my despair.*
 " *My lords! my soul is big with dire alarms;*
 " *Turks, Germans, Russians, Prussians, all in arms!*
 " *A noble Pole (I'm proud to call him friend!)*
 " *Tells me of things---I cannot comprehend.* 120
 " *Your lordship's hairs would stand on end to hear*
 " *My last dispatches from the Grand Vizier.*

- " *The fears of Dantzick-merchants can't be told;*
 " *Accounts from Cracow make my blood run cold;*
 " *The state of Portsmouth, and of Plymouth Docks,* 125
 " *Your Trade---your Taxes---Army---Navy---Stocks---*
 " *All haunt me in my dreams; and, when I rise,*
 " *The Bank of England scares my open eyes.*
 " *I see---I know some dreadful storm is brewing;*
 " *Arm all your coasts---your Navy is your ruin,* 130
 " *I say it still; but (let me be believ'd)*
 " *In this your lordships have been much deceiv'd.*
 " *A noble Duke affirms, I like his plan:*
 " *I never did, my lords!--I never can---*
 " *Shame on the slanderous breath! which dares instil* 135
 " *That I, who now condemn, advis'd the ill.*
 " *Plain words, thank Heaven! are always understood:*
 " *I could approve, I said---but not I wou'd.*
 " *Anxious to make the noble Duke content,*
 " *My view was just to seem to give consent,* 140
 " *While all the world might see that nothing less was*
 " *meant."*

While JERYLL thus, the rich exhaustless store
 Of LANSDOWNE's rhetoric ponders o'er and o'er;
 And, wrapt in happier dreams of future days,
 His patron's triumphs in his own surveys; 145
 Admiring barristers in crowds resort
 From Figtree---Brick---Hare---Pump---and Garden-court.

Anxious they gaze---and watch with silent awe
The motley son of politics and law.

Meanwhile, with softest smiles and courteous bows, 159

He, graceful bending, greets their ardent vows.

“ Thanks, generous friends,” he cries, “ kind Tem-
plers, thanks !

“ Tho’ now, with LANSDOWNE’S band, your JEKYLL
ranks,

“ Think not, he wholly quits *black-letter* cares ;

“ Still---still the *lawyer* with the *statesman* shares.” 155

But, see ! the shades of night o’erspread the skies !

Thick fogs and vapours from the Thames arise.

Far different hopes our separate toils inspire :

To *parchment* you, and *precedent* retire.

With deeper bronze your darkest looks imbrown, 160

Adjust your brows for the *demurring* frown :

Brood o’er the fierce *rebutters* of the bar,

And brave the *issue* of the gowned war.

Me, all unpractis’d in the bashful mood,

Strange, novice thoughts, and alien cares delude. 165

Yes, *modest* Eloquence ! ev’n *I* must court

For once, with mimic vows, thy coy support ;

Oh ! would’st thou lend the semblance of my charms !

Feign’d agitations, and assum’d alarms ;

’Twere all I’d ask :---but for one day alone 170

To ape thy downcast look---thy suppliant tone :

To

To pause—and bow with hesitating grace—
 Here try to falter—there a word misplace:
 Long-banished blushes this pale cheek to teach
 And act the miseries of a *maiden speech*. 175



FINIS.